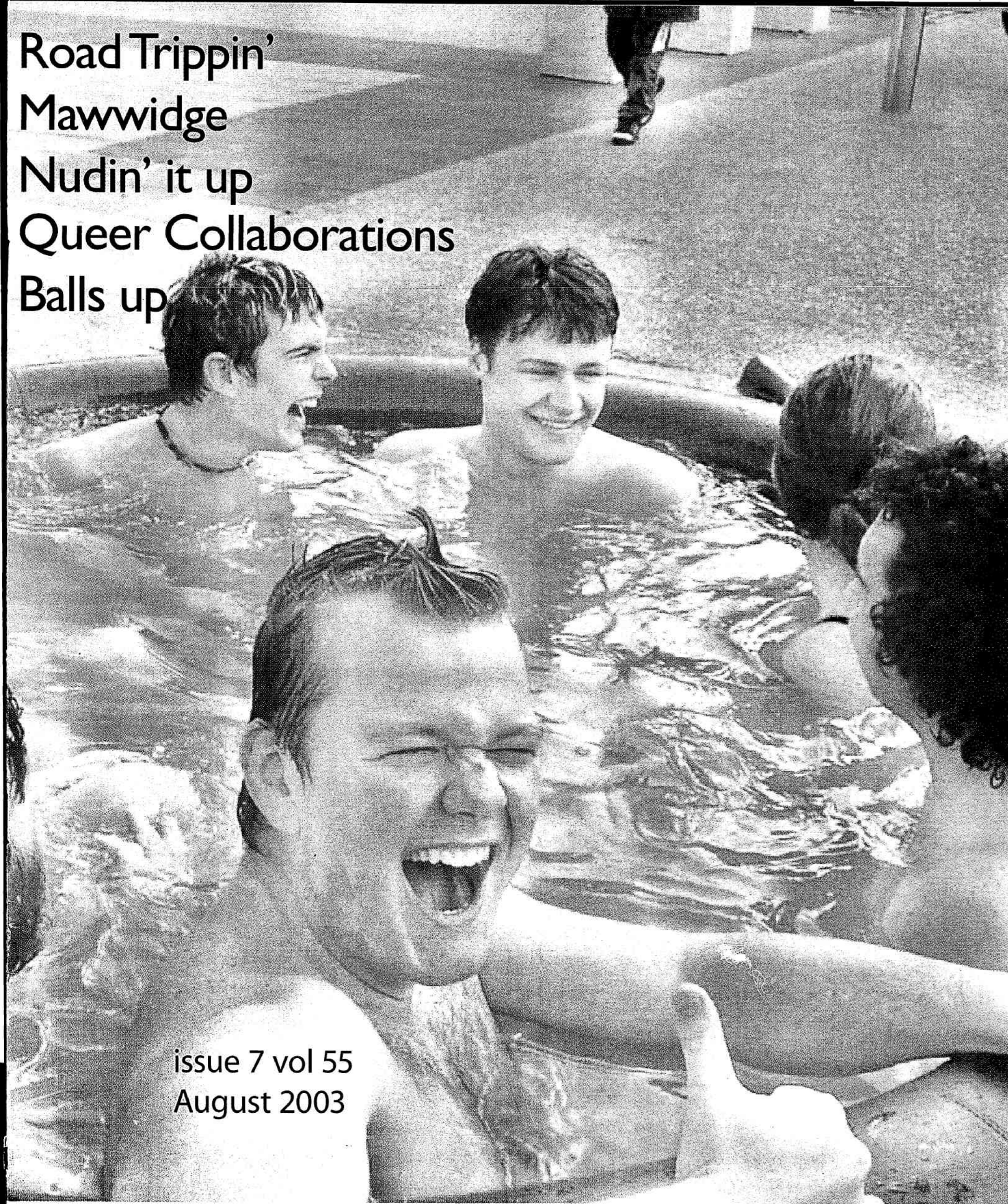


W O R O N I

Road Trippin'
Mawwidge
Nudin' it up
Queer Collaborations
Balls up



issue 7 vol 55
August 2003



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WORONI

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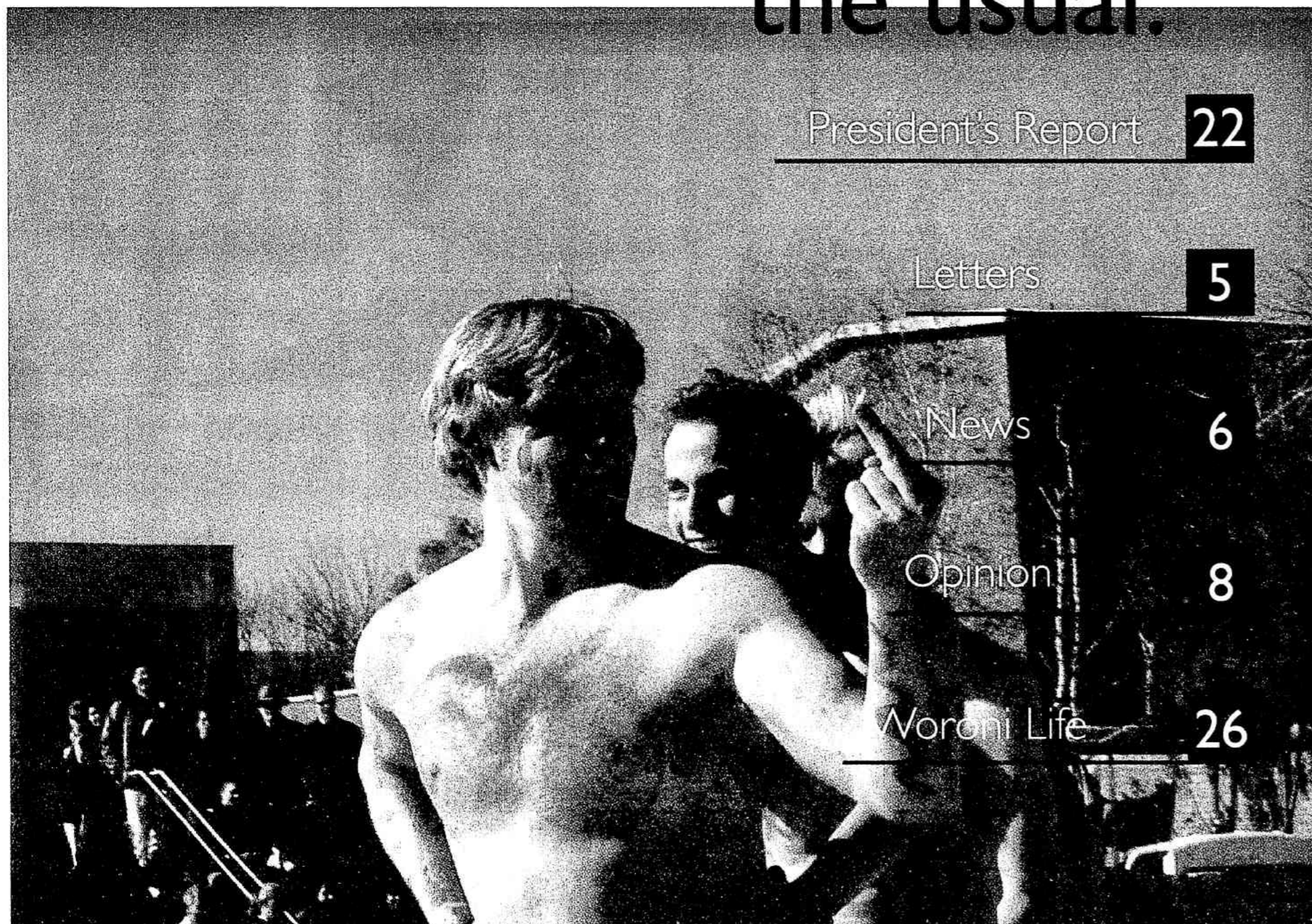
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Woroni is...

Woroni Two
Thousand and
Three
Issue 7,
Volume 55

our most probing
issue ever

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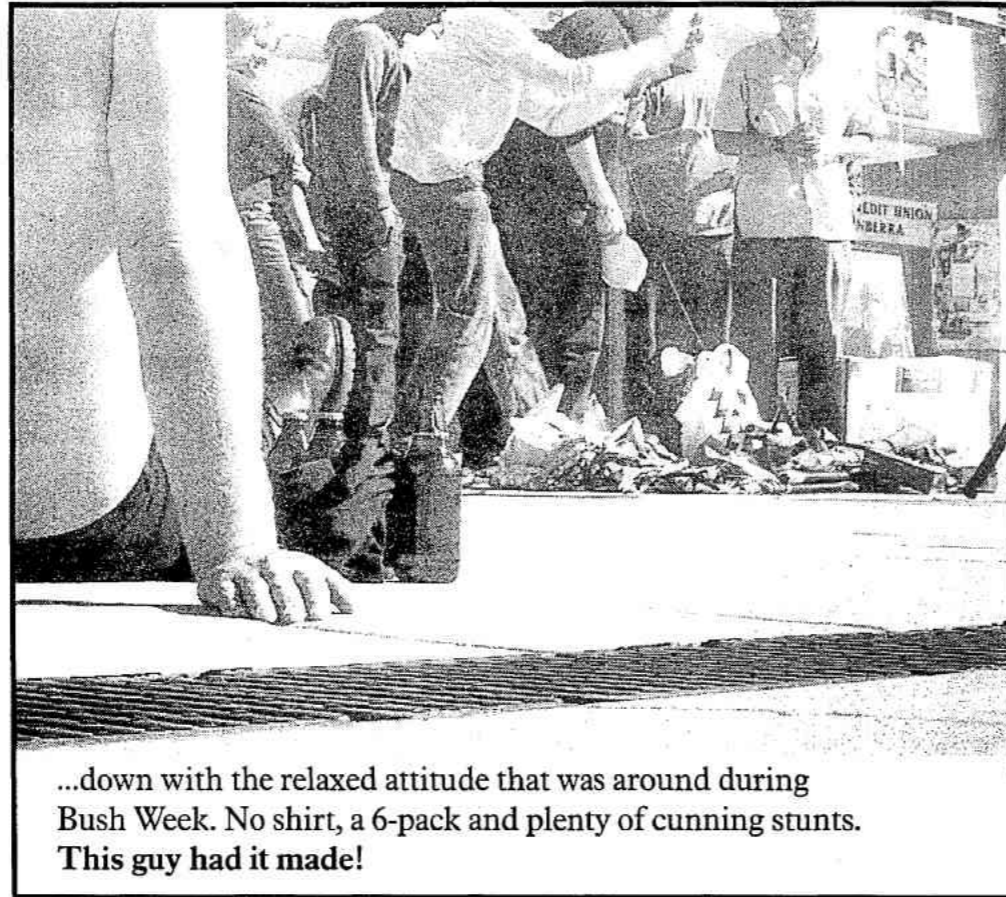
**Woroni is published by the
Directors of Student Publications:**
Trish Gray, Steve Michelson,
David Mills

Love and kisses: Sue Farrelly,
Stephen Still, Michelle McWilliam,
Bronwyn Evans, and everybody who
made Issue 7 come together. We
won't forget who you are!

Kick in the ass: As always, you know
who deserves a kick in the ass. You
make life so difficult but we won't say
a word. You bastards!

Woroni is the official magazine of the
ANU Students' Association. Some
people seem to think that means
they can try and make life as difficult
as possible for the Woroni editorial
team and staff. There are too many
clowns who think that writing Woroni
a rude e-mail will make us do what
you want. What fucking planet are
you on? Those who use a bit of tact
and commonsense almost always
get precisely what they want from
Woroni 2003. If you're too stoopid
to work that out then, well, we can't
help you. Rant over. The views and
opinions communicated in this
magazine are not necessarily those of
the editors or anyone in the Students'
Association. Woroni can be contacted
on (02) 6248 7127 by phone, (02) 6125
3967 by fax, or by email at
woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

...genuinely happy
that somebody
found the Tom Cruise
"Cocktail" poster (visible in
the photograph to the right) at
the tip. We weren't totally sure that
the ANU had scavengers who
would go and
find such a thing!
Yahh for Scavengers!



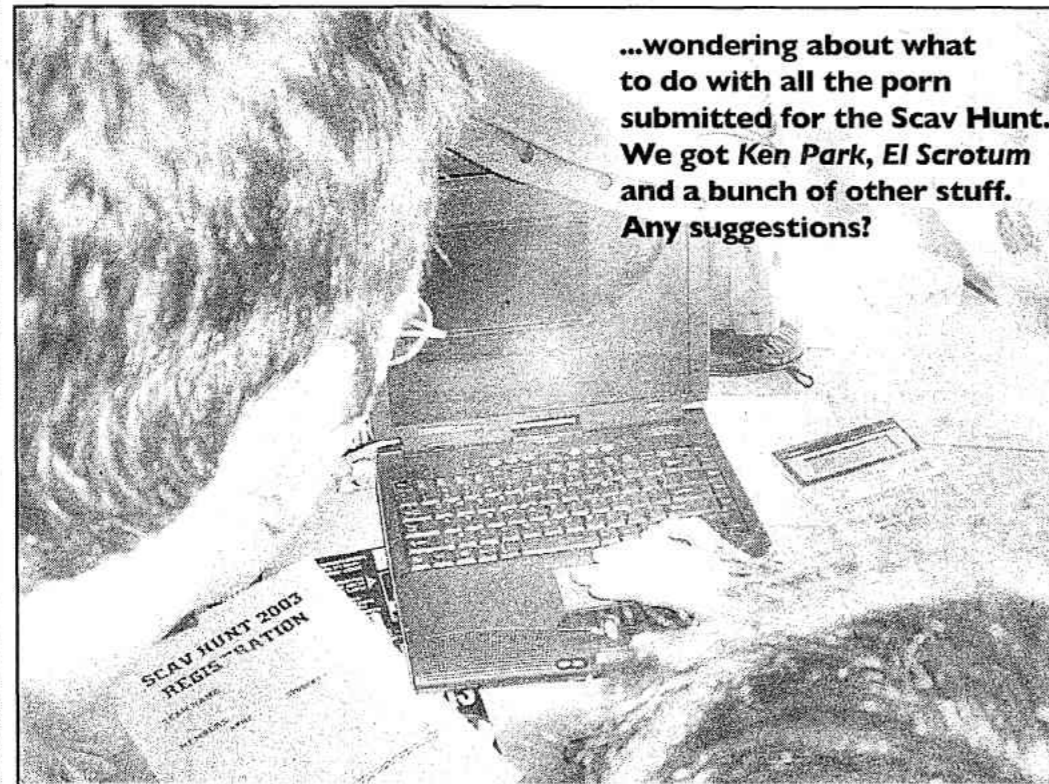
...down with the relaxed attitude that was around during
Bush Week. No shirt, a 6-pack and plenty of cunning stunts.
This guy had it made!

...stoked with the fact that Woroni seems
to be drawing criticism from both the Left
and Right flanks of ANU campus politics.
That means we are probably doing the
job that students expect. Election season
is almost upon us so if you want to see
Woroni take a different position send
in your ideas. We love learning new
positions. You can send your suggestions
to:
woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

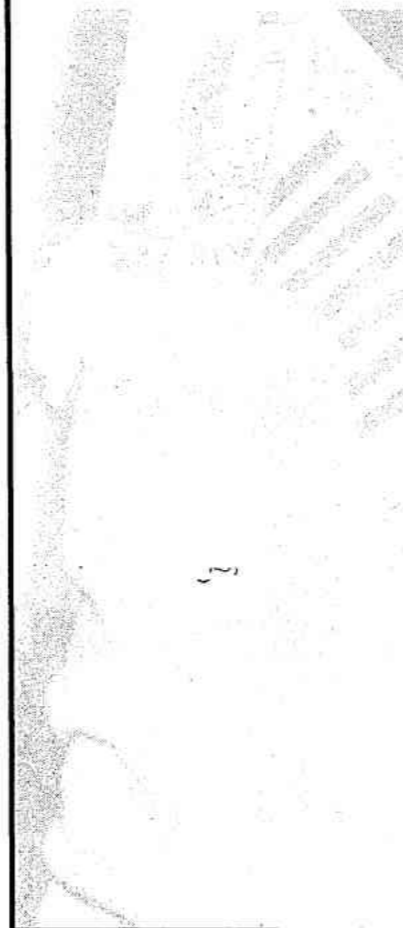
...hoping that
some of our political leaders
get a fucking grip. Sometimes
you just gotta wonder...what the
hell do people see in that
man?

...slightly apologetic about the stunning
volume of kittens in this issue. this is what
happens when people don't meet their
deadlines.

...offering a free book to anyone
who can tell us who and what is
happening in this photo.



...wondering about what
to do with all the porn
submitted for the Scav Hunt.
We got Ken Park, El Scrotum
and a bunch of other stuff.
Any suggestions?



activist comeback

Dear Woroni,

As a result of both the Special General Meeting of the Students' Association and the last edition of Woroni, I am infuriated by the attitude of students at this university towards political activists.

I am an activist and I am not ashamed to admit it. Activists are people that are motivated by issues and concerns to the extent that they are willing to do something about them. Most activists that I know are hardworking people that are overstretched and tired because of the extent of their various commitments. We are fighting for what we see as a better society, whether this be through campaigns on or off campus. These campaigns can be long and disheartening. We do not attempt to score cheap political points through our disruption, rather, it is an attempt to make others realise that the relevant issue is significant and that action should be taken about it.

Activists are responsible for political and social change. If it were not for activists, homosexuality would still be criminal and women would be earning less than men (if they were not still confined to the home), to name but two major victories. Political activism is a crucial part of the democratic landscape, and is essential in keeping governments and other bureaucratic entities (such as the University Council) in touch with the issues that are affecting their constituencies.

If people at this university have problems with activists in some contexts, they should take a broader look at the changes that we are fighting to create and the issues that we champion. We have a hard enough time pressuring governments (at the moment in the context of the Higher Education Reforms) without having to fight those that should be our comrades in this struggle.

Louise Crossman

all hail prunty

Dear Woroni,

How ridiculously intelligent is Chris Prunty? Every thing he says just makes sense. I have no doubt all you other clowns writing for Woroni wish you could be like Chris, think like Chris, be Chris. Chris, your own Sam Kekovich.

All letters published are strictly the opinion of the authors and in no way reflect Woroni or the ANU SA's own opinion. To submit a letter, please email woroni.articles@student.anu.edu.au

Just one piece of advice to Chris from your uncle Punt-Punt; Follow the Phillipines and launch a coup. Take over the offices of Woroni so the whole "magazine" can be filled with what is Right. You may well be further Right than Mussolini Chris, but as we both well know, its better than being a commie prick.

Lots of Love
Your Uncle Punt-Punt,
Nick Tedeschi

left-wing woroni?

Woroni,

I wanted to write and thank you for all your efforts over the last six editions. Without you, ANU students would have no-one other than Rick Kuhn, Gwen Gray or Jim George to teach us to hate capitalism and Americans.

Thanks guys, keep fighting the good fight.

Ben Graham

(Ed: *Yahh, quit your bitching about "Woroni: The Commie, Greenie, Anti-American." Teaching people to hate capitalism is sooo our thing.*)

ugly science geeks?

Dear Woroni,

Why are science students so ugly? Whatever happened to the buxom blonde lab assistant who was always ready for a game of hide the rest-tube after everyone else had gone home?

Tom Riddle

bag-man "greenies"

Dear Sir/Madam,

Today about 200 Australian babies will enter a hospital or clinic in one piece, safe inside mummy's womb. Then leave, a few hours later, in multiple pieces, inside a plastic bag. Australia's "greenies" are deeply concerned. They worry about how that plastic bag is disposed of.

Yours sincerely

Arnold Jago

right wing and against our man krupinski

Dear Woroni,

I was disappointed to read in issue six of Woroni that some members of the left are still protesting the mighty Howard government's planned reforms to Higher Education. When are these people going to realize that education is a commodity and therefore can be bought and sold just like any other product? It is time that Universities are forced to improve their performance through the market conditions that the government suggests. Until this happens we will have a series of "Universities", like UC, that are producing lower level graduates yet claiming parity with institutions like UNSW. The sole reason why people attend University is to obtain a degree so they can be employed in higher paying jobs than would otherwise be the case. Therefore by allowing Universities to specialize in certain areas students will have a greater opportunity to obtain a degree that has more value to both graduates and employees than the current system allows.

The "protesters" against the government's reforms are simply looking for attention before they settle into public sector jobs, buy a house in Tuggeranong and live out the rest of their meaningless lives reminiscing about the time they struck a blow against the government in the name of youthful rebellion. This is of course after they have become more conservative than Abbott and are part of the system introducing changes that would further destroy another of the left's sacred cows (reconciliation, medicare, refugee policy, etc.) At least those of us on the right have no delusions about our actions. We realize that protests make no difference and therefore focus on earning as much money as possible.

Tom Riddle

p.s. Dom Krupinski's column should be scrapped. Dom, the Simpsons do the lines much better than you.

We Love Your Letters

A New President for the ANU NTEU

By Nikki McPherson

Following from the resignation from the university and therefore the union of Dr. Douglas Kelly, the National Tertiary Education Union has elected Mr. Derek Corrigan as their new president.

The first president elected from ANU's general staff, and with 28 years at the ANU, Mr. Corrigan stated that whilst he has no specific platform, "I passionately believe in academic freedom, tenure, and blue sky fundamental research." Mr. Corrigan also stated that an aim was to follow on from Vice Chancellor Ian Chubb in trying to unite the Faculties with the Institute of Advanced Studies.

Whilst previously the NTEU and the ANUSA have not agreed on some issues, Mr. Corrigan stated that "Generally we believe in the same things, we just go different ways about it," and went on to suggest that it was necessary for the two groups to unite on issues that would affect them both, such as the proposed Nelson education reforms.

President of the ANUSA Mr. Steve Michaelson agreed, calling the relationship between the two bodies "unique", and pointed to the collaboration on methods of quality enhancement measures for undergraduates to show the improved relationship. Mr. Corrigan agreed, stating that we "...want the same outcome - quality education."



NTEU members protest for peace in February this year

ANU FC IN MID-SEASON REVIVAL

By Steve Kaleb

The ANU Football Club (Mens Soccer) hit a patch of good form during June and posted its' first wins of the Premier League season. Three wins from four games lifted the team off the bottom of the ladder and into 8th position.

A 3-1 home win over Belconnen United was followed by a 2-1 win away to Canberra City. The latter's coach, Steve Bryant, told the Canberra Times that he was furious that his 'All-Star' team could possibly lose to ANU: "We match it with Juventus but we lose to teams like this."

Then on 5 July ANU FC thumped crosstown tertiary rivals the "University" of Canberra 4-1. The goals were shared by Sam Mehr, Chris Gouramanis, Scott Haig and Derrin Limbrick.

Reasons for the mid-season rivalry include goals from in-form striker, Paul Panebianco, a much-

improved defence, recruitment of Belconnen Blue Devils Youth player, Sam Mehr, and the leadership of Coach Rod Lynes.

However, the last three games against Capital City Suns, Gungahlin Juventus and Cooma were lost as injuries and other absences took their toll on the squad.

Other ANU FC ladder positions across the Senior Leagues include: 3rd in Division 1, 9th in Division 2, 2nd in Division 3, 7th in Division 4, 5th in Division 5, 2nd in Division 6, 1st (Blue) and 4th (Orange) in Division 7, and 3rd in Masters Division 2.

Supporters are welcome to come along to North Oval for the Premier League team's clash with Canberra City on Saturday 30 August, followed by the final game of the season against Canberra Deakin at South Oval on Saturday 6 September. All Premier League matches start at 3pm and are preceded by Division 1 at 1pm.

NTEU likes the ANU

By Nikki McPherson

Since May this year, the ANU have been in discussion with the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) over a new enterprise bargaining agreement and it appears that an "in principle" agreement has been reached.

Issues to be resolved in this round have reflected "...broader national issues and more specific local issues." NTEU industrial officer Mr. Peter Davidson said, with local claims ranging from penalty rates for library staff who work after normal working hours, to more nationally focussed issues such as increasing the level of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander employment within universities.

A major aim of this round of negotiations has been to extend full superannuation benefits to part-time staff. At the moment, only staff who work more than 50% of the standard working week receive full superannuation benefits (17% pro rata). An "in principle" agreement has been reached which extends these benefits to staff who work more than 20%. Professor John Richards, Deputy Vice Chancellor of the ANU stated that "These are significant improvements

in staff conditions at the University".

Parental leave has been the another focus of these negotiations. The proposed policy involves 20 weeks paid maternity leave with eight weeks going to the primary care giver. Staff will also have the ability to take their personal leave if they are the primary care giver and eight weeks adoption leave has been provided for. Whilst these amounts are a vast improvement, negotiations continue as the NTEU pushes it's aims to bring the ANU leave up to the levels of other universities.

This round of negotiations has been "...quite quick..." compared to previous negotiations, said Mr. Davidson which he put down, at least in part, to Vice Chancellor Ian Chubb "...having a more cooperative approach to staff."

Professor Richards agreed, stating that he was "...very happy with the progress of negotiations." Previous negotiations have lead to industrial action in the form of students' results being withheld and strikes. Whilst Mr. Davidson said that he "...can't say that there will be no need for industrial action...", he would be "surprised and disappointed if it turned that way."

ANU Public Lecture Series Like a Free Tutorial

By Petar Milinkovic

Ever wondered what drove the leader of the Australian Competition and Consumer Commission (ACCC) to raid major oil company offices? Ever dreamed of what it would take to climb the world's tallest mountain? Well the ANU-Toyota and National Institutes public lecture series combines speakers from all disciplines to produce interesting presentations open to all students and the public.

The program, which aims to integrate the ANU with the wider community, is enjoying continued success in 2003 due to a combination of top speakers and relevant topics. David Byrne, from the ANU's Marketing and Communications Division (MAC), who organizes the events, says the lecture topics range from "everything from science and the arts, right through to business and everything in between" and that the response from the public has

been "fantastic."

"I've received a lot of comments from emails and phone calls [from the public] saying 'they're fantastic, we love the public lectures talking about topical issues'" says Mr Byrne. Some of the speakers who have presented lectures this year include former ACCC chairman Allan Fels and Tim Macartney-Snape, the first Australian to climb Mt Everest.

While the public response has been amazing, the lack of student attendance has been slightly upsetting, as there are a number of lectures that "students would get good value from" says Mr Byrne. Upcoming lecture topics include weather forecasting, globalisation and astronomy, and students are encouraged to go along and check them out. Most of the lectures are free and open to everyone. For more information on upcoming public lectures, go to <http://info.anu.edu.au/mac/Events>, or email events@anu.edu.au.

New General Secretary for the SA

The Students' Association has a new General Secretary, Fred Lester.

Former General Secretary, Christine Burke, resigned at the start of Semester 2 citing health reasons.

Fred Lester was formerly a General Representative of the Students' Association, and was elected unopposed at a SRC meeting on July 25, 2003.



Fred Lester, ready for the job.

Burgmann College students storm SGM to fill quorum

By Ali Jenkins and Nich Farrelly

In an unprecedented show of electoral strength, roughly 60 Burgmann College residents got behind Students' Association President, Steve "Mocca" Michelson, to push through an amendment to the SA constitution.

The amendment was to remove a motion passed at the 2003 SA AGM prohibiting ticket names using the letter 'I'. As reported in Woroni issue 6, ACT Elections refused to stage ANU student elections because this provision was deemed to contravene their interpretation of "free and fair elections." It was therefore necessary to hold the Special General Meeting to amend the constitution. The motion was passed almost unanimously, with abstentions noted from a group identifying themselves as members of campus political group Left Labor. SA President, Steve "Mocca" Michelson, proposed the amendment

with some rousing comments directed against those he called "political activists" interfering with the normal functions of the Students' Association.

The motion was opposed by prominent Left Labor member and SA General Representative, Corri Mackenzie (who incidentally was elected on the independent ticket, Evolve, in 2002) on the grounds that the 'no I' provision was a demonstration of a legitimately enacted student mandate, and because so-called "independent" tickets were independent in name only.

Former Students' Association President, Maciej Wasilewicz, seconded the motion and called on students to support it because of the importance of having elections regulated by an external organisation. With the motion passed, ACT Elections agreed to supervise the elections to be held from September 8-11, 2003.



A crazy time was had by all at the SRES Ball held in early August

The Changing Face of ANU Management

By Maciej Wasilewicz

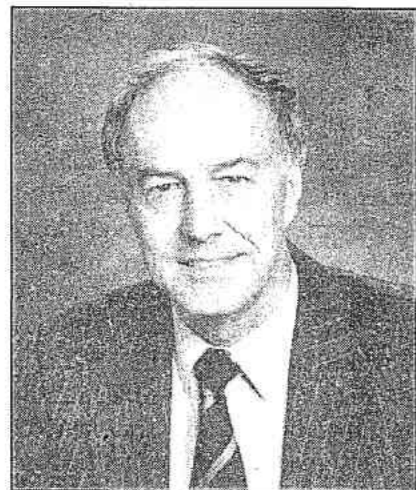
Professor Chubb announced on the 6th of August that the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Research), Professor John Hearn, will be leaving the ANU to take up the position of Deputy Vice Chancellor Academic at the University of Sydney.

In a letter sent to all staff the same day, Professor Hearn said he had mixed emotions about the move and that a combination of personal and professional pressures prompted it.

Although he will now be working for another university, Professor Hearn has committed to promoting the ANU including in promoting collaboration between Sydney University and ANU in fields of research.

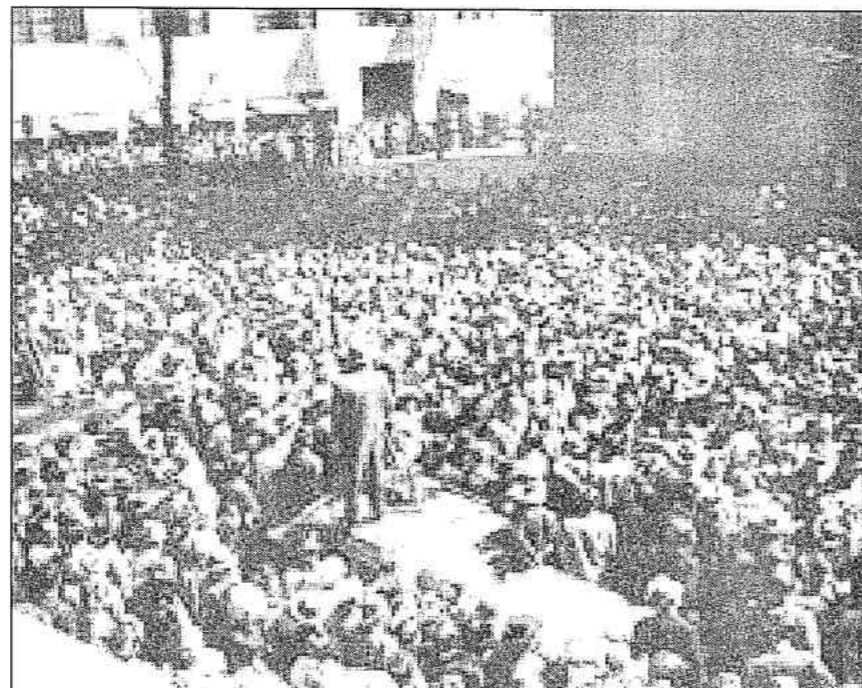
Professor Chubb has not yet announced plans for finding a replacement but expects to do so in the future.

The departure of Professor Hearn follows a striking change in ANU top management since Professor Chubb's appointment



Prof John Hearn

in 2001. Professor Pashley left the post of Deputy Vice Chancellor Education being replaced by Malcolm Gillies in 2002, Professor Jackson left the post of Deputy Vice Chancellor of Research the same year to be replaced by Professor Hearn and Mr Burgess, the key business manager of the university left last year. The Deputy Vice Chancellor, Professor Richardson, is also planning to leave the ANU at the end of the year.



Thousands turned out to decide the major issues on the day of the SGM

Potential Deputy Vice Chancellors (Research) for the ANU in the future.



No one knows who the potential candidates for the DVC (Research) position are at the moment, but Woroni suggests that either we lend a helping hand to the now unemployed former weapons inspector Hans Blix, or else go with the fictional character of Dr Nick.

ISSANU tell it like it is...

A Happy Conversation (One of the many stories my children will hear)

By Ameer Ali

This is as close as I could get to a transcript of a REAL conversation I had with a student from an "international" background recently:

"Hey, what can I do for you?"

"Umm, I'm having some problems with the people I stay with..."

"Oh? What's going on?"

"Well, I'm staying with an Australian family, and I want to move out, but I don't know how to do it."

"Don't know how to do it? Dude, it's simple: find somewhere else to stay, pack your bags, and leave!"

"Umm, you don't really understand, they're kind of strange."

(I raised an eyebrow.)

"You see, they think that by being there, I should act as their son and do as they say."

"Do they know you're a university student?"

"Yes, but they just keep doing weird things all the time... I mean, even my door doesn't have a lock... and they used to walk in without knocking!"

(At this point I jumped out of my chair) "WHAT!?"

"Yeah, they did that! Not only that, but I literally had to insist for weeks that they knock on the door first before walking in."

(I was going to ask how he managed to change his clothes without stressing too much, but I thought that would've been a bit unprofessional.) "Geez, get out of that place!"

"Yeah, I was thinking about it for a while, but I don't know how to tell them that I'm going to leave."

"What do you mean? Can't you just have a chat to them?"

"Not really, they tend to get emotional and take things personally, like, when I had to pay for electricity, the father came in and asked for a certain amount, and when I asked to see the electricity bill he got all pissed off and started yelling things..."

"Did you sign a contract that states the terms of moving out?"

"No."

"Good. So I guess you can just take off without notice. But, wait, where on earth did you find that family?"

"They put an ad on the University Accommodation Services website."

"Oh okay."

"The funny thing is that... they're quite racist."

"Huh? How?"

"Well, one of them once said that all Asians and Africans are animals."

(I didn't know whether to cry or laugh when I heard this... did I have to feel sorry for the person in front of me, or the idiot who made that statement?) "Oh..."

"Yeah... I had to keep up with it for a few months."

"Oh boy! This is some story... So... what... umm... where does the father work?"

"He is an ANU graduate, and he works for the government."

(I cracked up laughing at this one, at the same time, I felt really unsafe for various reasons) "An ANU graduate AND works for the government... great! And he said that Asians and Africans are animals... I really don't know what to say... what does he do for the government?"

"Ah...umm... he works in some division related to Indonesia and he thinks that all of Asia is Indonesia and can't really understand that my country is Asian too."

(The student seemed pretty calm while telling his story, but had I been in his place, I would've... well... let's just leave it in my head.)

"Alright... here's what you need to do..."

Enough said!

Editor's note: this kind of experience is not common only to international students staying in Australia. Both opinion editors have had a similar experience while staying overseas.

...as do the Young Liberals

Things Political That Piss Me Off

We know the Lefties in this country are all too quick to whinge about anything and everything. In fact, if they had nothing to whinge about, they would whinge about the fact that they had nothing to whinge about. Aside from the usual grievances such as missing a dole payment or Woollies being out of home-brew mixture, we thought we shouldn't allow the fanatic left to have a monopoly on whinging, so we would air a few of our own grievances.

The Watermelons

That is to say the Australian Greens. Green on the outside, and a distinct shade of communist pink on the inside. Exhibit A: Bob Brown. Look at this fucked up puppy. This is a person that wants to close down all the nuclear medicine facilities in Australia. If you're a cancer patient, stiff shit! So long as we save a few trees. Let's not mention the animosity of the Greens towards the practice of hazard-reduction burning. As an ACT fire-fighter I can attest to the fact that their Save the Bush policy certainly fuckin' worked. I really appreciated that 500ft wall of fire, thanks Bob! The fellas in the brigade have a present for you - they can't wait to show their appreciation. We won't mention the spirited efforts of the Greens to ensure that nothing happened to sacred Saddam and his regime.

The Higher Education Reform Debate

The debate pursuant to Brendan Nelson's proposed Higher Education Reforms has sparked extensive debate across the political spectrum. This is a good thing, with a more informed decision being the outcome of robust discussion and debate, and we obviously encourage this. What is of concern is the ostensible bias and manipulation of the argument by the left media, and the fact that the left are absolute bullshit artists in this regard. Instead of presenting a reasoned debate on the merits of the proposal, they fabricate statistics and use the most inaccurate and misrepresentative figures and the press gives them a free pass.

Let's look at Labor's proposals. The Commonwealth Department of Education Science and Training ran the numbers on Labor's Higher Education Policy proposal, and low and behold, Labor promises a \$6 million reduction in real terms funding for ANU and UC. Don't

take our word for it, just look at the Department's calculations. Higher Education funding would actually regress! And no one says a fucking word! The fact of the matter is that the Liberals would make more money available for the Commonwealth subsidisation of student places than Labor, yet the Libs get slammed and Labor gets a free pass for providing less money. NOT HAPPY JAN.

Compulsory Student Unionism

It is often said that our objection to this is ideological. Well DUH. Of course it is. We make no retraction from our belief in freedom of association and freedom of choice. That is not to say we are opposed to unionism, but we are opposed to it being compulsory. People shouldn't be forced to finance the ambitions of wannabe student politicians when they disagree with them - especially when they pursue rubbish that has nothing to do with student life, i.e. sending buses to Woomera, and paying for students to attack police in Sydney. If people want to pursue their bleeding heart causes, that's their prerogative and we respect their right to do so, provided they pay for it. Compulsory Student Unionism is blackmail. The left says you must finance our political pursuits, otherwise we will deprive you of your right to a tertiary education. Support us or else! How's "fuck off!" grab you? This is step one for the lefties. These rich little brats then graduate to pursue a career in the CFMEU or AMWU as industrial bullies and encourage thuggery in the workplace, only then to work their way through the ACTU and become Labor hack politicians.

People have the right to Choose to join a union, and to Choose to be involved in politics. The operative word is choose. If I was to say to a lefty that your choice to work in a chosen industry or involvement in a certain area is conditional on your paying dues to an organisation that supports conservative political ends they would tell me to fuck off so fast my head would spin. But by the same token, I have to pay for their pursuits otherwise forfeit my right to an education - FUCKIN' HYPOCRITES! And that is not to mention the hypocrisy of their upfront frees rant, which I'll save for another day.

Anthony Williamson is the Vice President of the ANU Liberal Club. The views expressed in this article are his own.

Idol Worship

I never understood the addiction to reality TV shows. Overall they follow the formula of get a bunch of ill-matched temperamental lobsters in a cage, turn up the heat and watch the claws clang. It's just window dressing to give the show an actual premise: say guys stuck in Africa somewhere trying to survive, or guys stuck on a tropical island trying to stay celibate or at least Thrush-free. The novelty soon wore off. I guess people just got desensitised to egotistical American wankers. Just when the assault of the 'neurotic people-stuck somewhere' genre is fading, our TV sets are now bombarded with another: the 'from Joe Bloggs to instant-superstar' genre. Popstars, Search for a Super Model, StripSearch and most recently Australian Idol have invaded our screens.

By and large these shows seem to be popular. Australian Idol follows hot in the footsteps of its UK counterpart Pop Idols: the 24yr old UK winner Will Young released his winning ballad Evergreen, which became the second highest selling single in UK history. The American imitation American Idol became the highest rating show on Fox with 22.8 million viewers.

Maybe this makes sense. Screw the premise. Who wants to play idiotic games, 'hunt' for domesticated pigs and pretend to be in an African tribe when you can simply have a show focusing on the Idol Pleasures: watch tonnes of hot teens and twenty-somethings show off their looks and moves, unadulterated.

This isn't to take away from the few rare talents who pop up in the shows. A hot favourite for 'Australian Idol' Guy Sebastian sports a huge afro and a voice with more range than a 4WD, proving you don't have to be made of 10% gel to make it in show biz. But mostly auditions are the Woodstock of metrosexual starlet wannabes. It's good TV showing all the teeny-boppers in short short skirts and micro-bras waiting in the audition corridors. Sure you look like a cheaper version of a Pamela Anderson cardboard cut-out, but they'll think you're a special talent! Of course the camera never dwells long enough for character development - they're probably annoying anyway. Then there's the cheap gags of puff the magic dragon, or the leftfield talents of Joel Turner the human beat boxer.

Contestants are stoked when they make it big "...My mum's so proud of me..." and so she should be, not everyone gets on TV. More bizarre is transitive-pride. "Hey you know

that guy ... Tom whoever who was in the year below ours at high school... well he's on Australian Idol!" It's not like you were his friend, or even knew his last name. In fact you thought he was a bit of an idiot. But it makes you feel proud of who you are, because someone from your school got a few minutes of fame.

But perhaps there is something more to Idol Pleasure's popularity than just perv value or transitive pride. More than 10,000 hopefuls auditioned to be selected down to the final 40. Only the promise of free alcohol or a Jeans-Plus fire sale could attract so people to voluntarily turn up, sit in for hours and hours in queues just to less than 5 minutes of fame. Turn up they do and almost all with smiles and high hopes.

This is a nation of repressed talents, that's why the star search shows are so popular. The classic Australian tall-poppo syndrome and preoccupation with sports keeps so much of the performing arts spark pent up. If you're a guy and you make the state rugby team you'll get a scholarship to Sydney Uni. If you're a guy and make the state theatre they'd call you a poof. American pop culture is based on proving you're good, declaring to the world you're the best in beauty pageants, talent quests etc. On the other hand, we're always seen as the laid back country - as the fair-go, true blue, have a cuppa, she'll be right nation. If anything these star search shows prove there's a lot of competitiveness in Australians, like the Americans. Young budding performers, even the bad ones who sing Britney and play hoola, still want just those 120 seconds of fame, prove that the last 20 yrs of their lives haven't been wasted bopping to 'Hit me baby one more time'.

Watching Australian Idol one can't help remember picturing yourself strutting those moves, moonwalking across the platform, living the life you sad uni students never had because your parents thought rugby was more socially respectable than theatre. If they can make it big, so can you.

I've got an act: I'll strut on stage with a pen and paper and spontaneously write a satirical article on the judges and why they're total wankers and they're only doing this show because they need a sense of power to inflate their over inflated egos, that is so pithy yet keeping it real, all delivered in rap. Think I'll win?

- Yi-Hua Lu



Krupinski Gets Lazy

Our "angriest man" was too busy watching people bleed this month to get really angry, so he drew instead.

Hey Dom.

Thom here: your opinion editors say your comic wasn't enough and they still need a couple of paragraphs of angry. You can be angry for 150 more words can't you?

Sorry to bug you, but there ya go.

Cheers.

-thom (=

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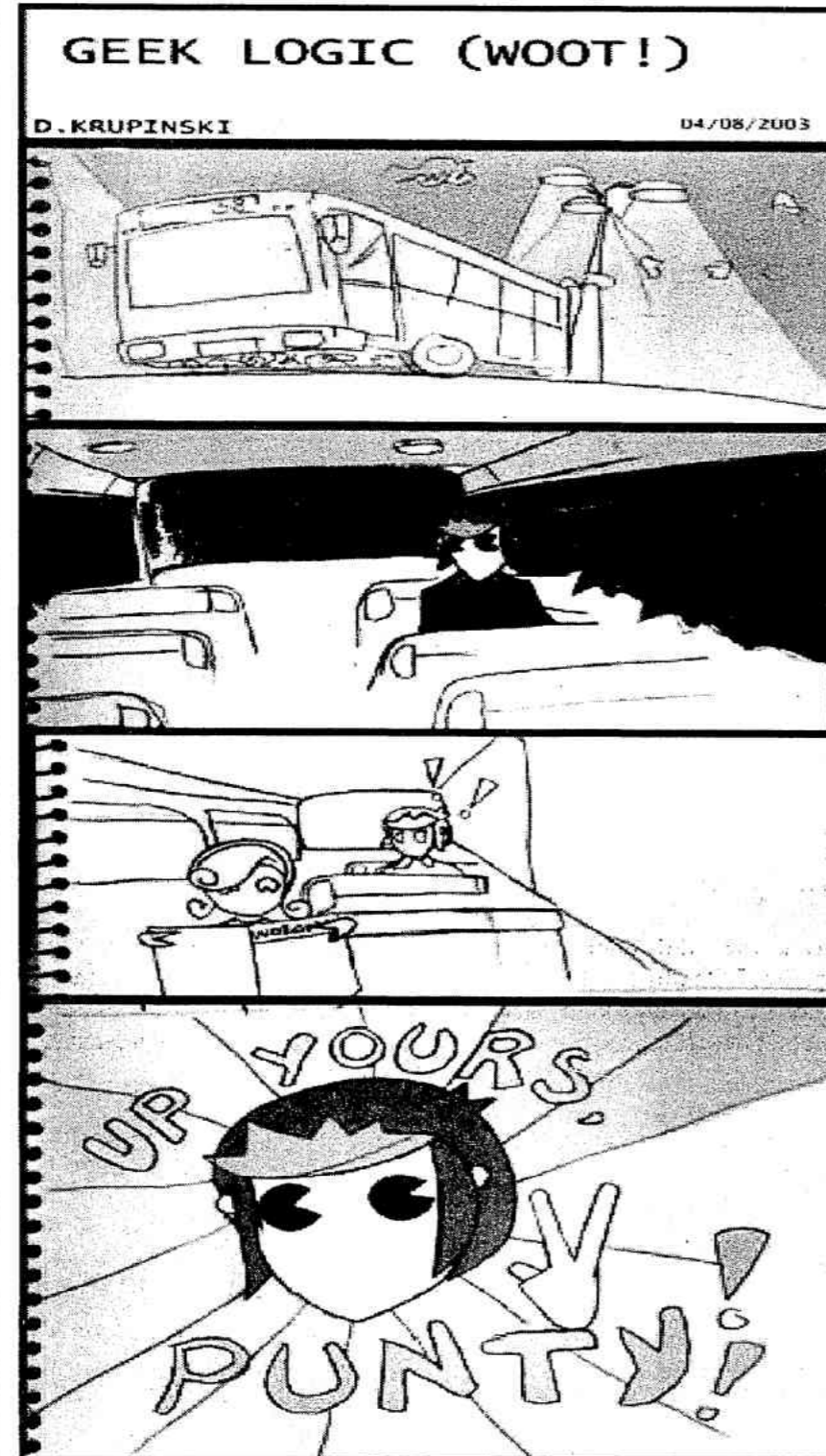
Dear Thom,

No, goddamn it. That crazy bearded nut fucked with my concentration and I'm still feeling badly about my 'performance' on Friday.

-D

...

Again with these goddamn deadlines ... no wonder I've been working on my next feature for 3 months now and still have nothing to show for it but 8,000 words of half-baked ideas and dead-end indulgent tangents. Here's a cartoon:

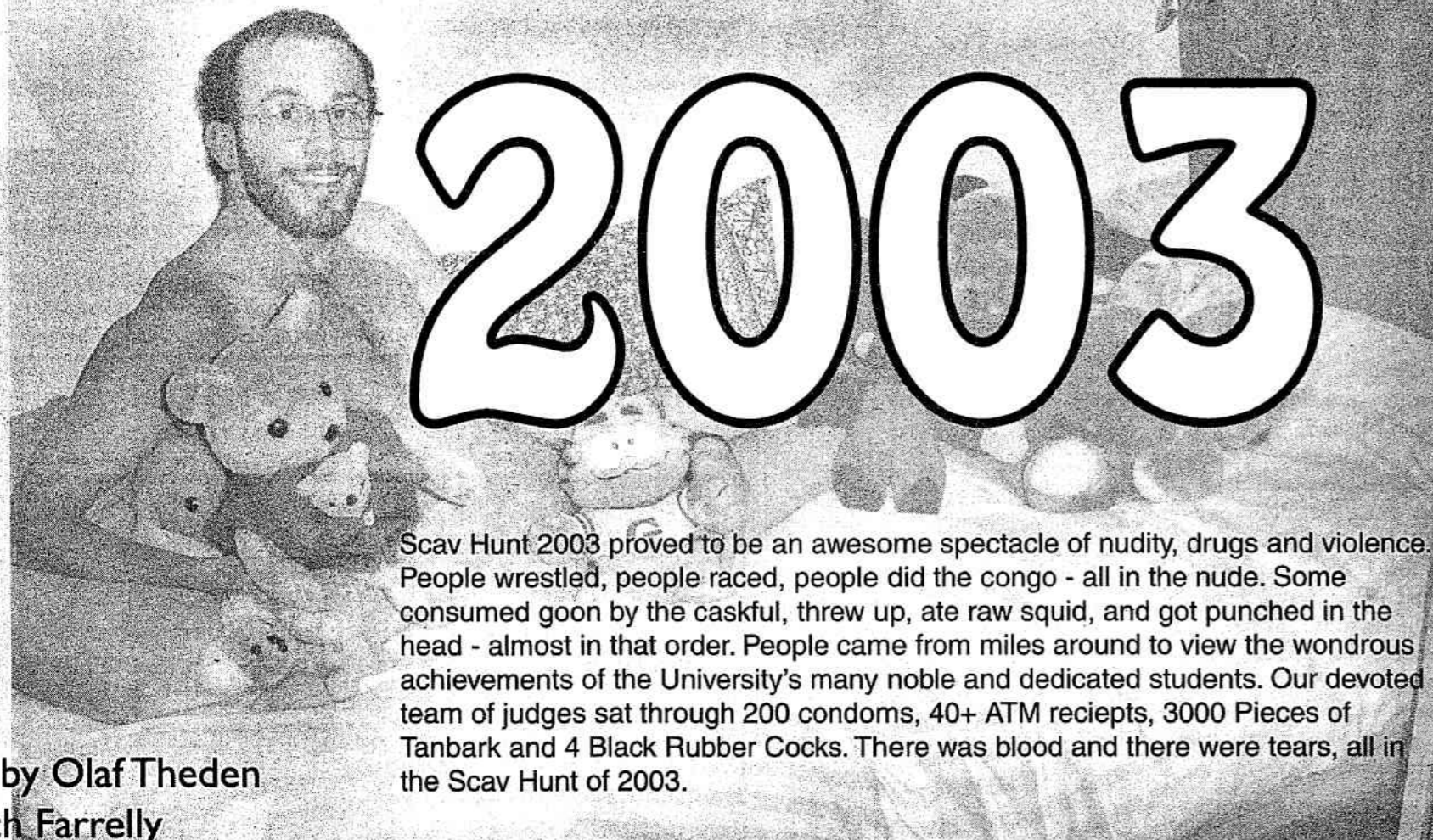


For those of you incapable of deciphering subtexts, there's something to be said for the comparison between writing for a student newspaper and burning letters to heaven. There's also something to be said about trying to be a campus celebrity by sending in lame shit about mobiles and the proportion of cute girls on the 38 that read this self-indulgent crap before that. Up yours, Punt.

Oh God I'm a nerd.

Opinion

Scav Hunt 2003



Photos by Olaf Theden and Nich Farrelly

Scav Hunt 2003 proved to be an awesome spectacle of nudity, drugs and violence. People wrestled, people raced, people did the congo - all in the nude. Some consumed goon by the caskful, threw up, ate raw squid, and got punched in the head - almost in that order. People came from miles around to view the wondrous achievements of the University's many noble and dedicated students. Our devoted team of judges sat through 200 condoms, 40+ ATM receipts, 3000 Pieces of Tanbark and 4 Black Rubber Cocks. There was blood and there were tears, all in the Scav Hunt of 2003.

Oooohhh, the Israelis

A Scav-Hunt Adventure as told by an anonymous Scav-hunter to Ali Jenkins

I would like to apologise to the Israeli government, the security services and the police for the events detailed in this article.

It began when some friends and I decided to enter the Bush Week Scavenger Hunt. A friend and I decided to take as many of the naked photos as possible. So we went to the various landmarks. My friend got naked, I took the photos - easy! We did Churchill, the High Court, playground swings, even the Nigerian Embassy. Seeing as we were in the area, we figured we might as well check out the Israeli embassy. Getting a photo inside the Israeli embassy would score us 520 points. To get the points we had to be inside the embassy, so we did not expect to actually do it. We reached the compound, its 4 metre high metal fence, giant gate, and barbed wire. Hmmm, we thought, not good. We drove around the compound and just when we were about

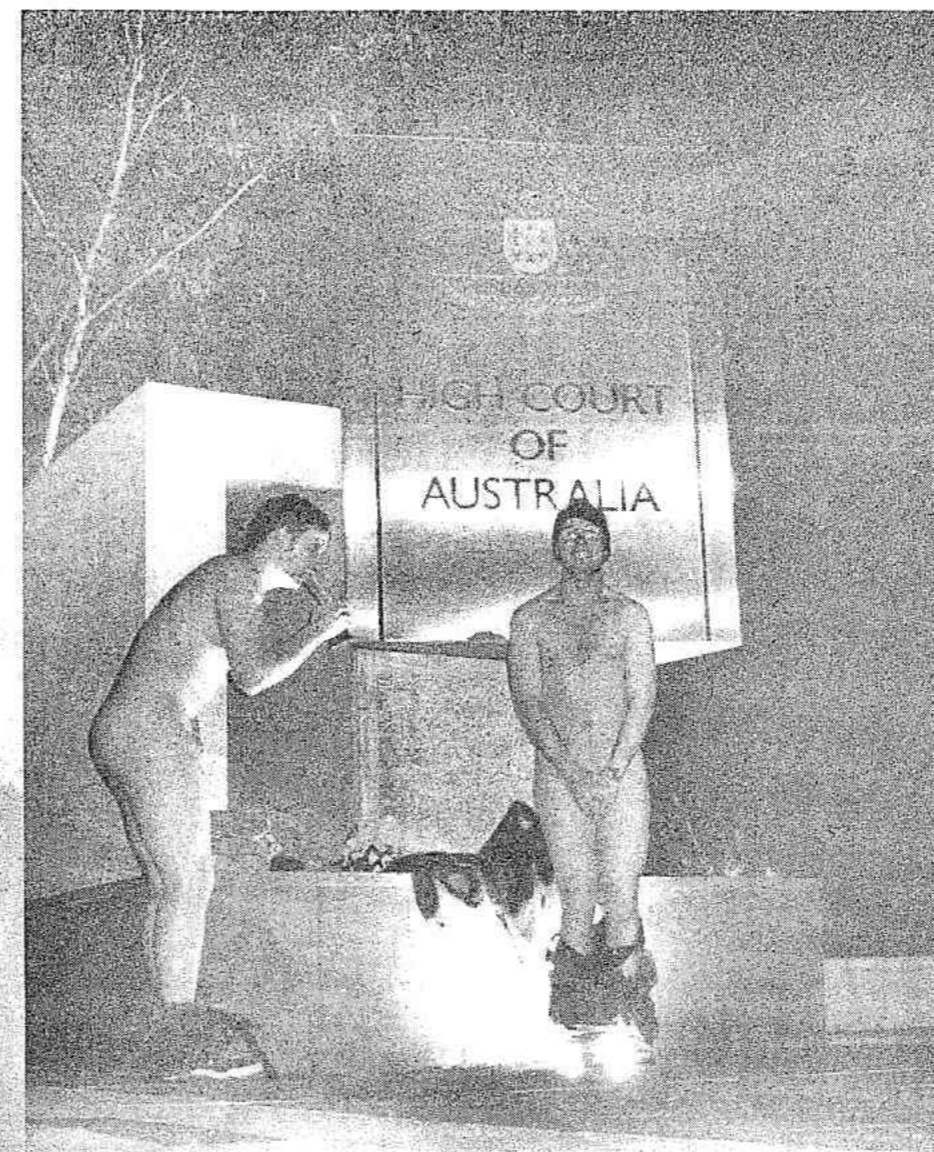
to surrender to the might of Israel and admit defeat, we came to a side gate. To our surprise...it was wide open. We rushed inside, my friend got his gear off, I took the pictures, we danced around on Israeli turf, then got the hell out of there. At this point our trouble really began.

If only I hadn't been so concerned with points. You see you can't tell we were naked in the Israeli embassy just from looking at photos from the back of it. So we decided to take pictures of the fence at the back, and some more (fully clothed) photos of the front to corroborate. We then got back into the car, and out of there! It was great, we were so daring, so brave. We thought of the glory it would bring us with our fellow Scav Hunters, our peers and when we were old enough to have grandkids.

Then a white car drove right up our

backs and its driver turned the lights on high beam. It followed us for five minutes then stopped. After that we were relieved, but a little bit freaked out, so we went home. I dropped off my mate, got home and went to bed, at which point it was all good. Half an hour later, the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find several police officers. They asked "Who was driving the car out the front earlier tonight?" I replied, "Ummm, I was." They then asked me, "What were you doing taking pictures of the Israeli embassy?" I showed them Woroni. They had a laugh and left. They did tell me, however, that the Israelis might be in touch.

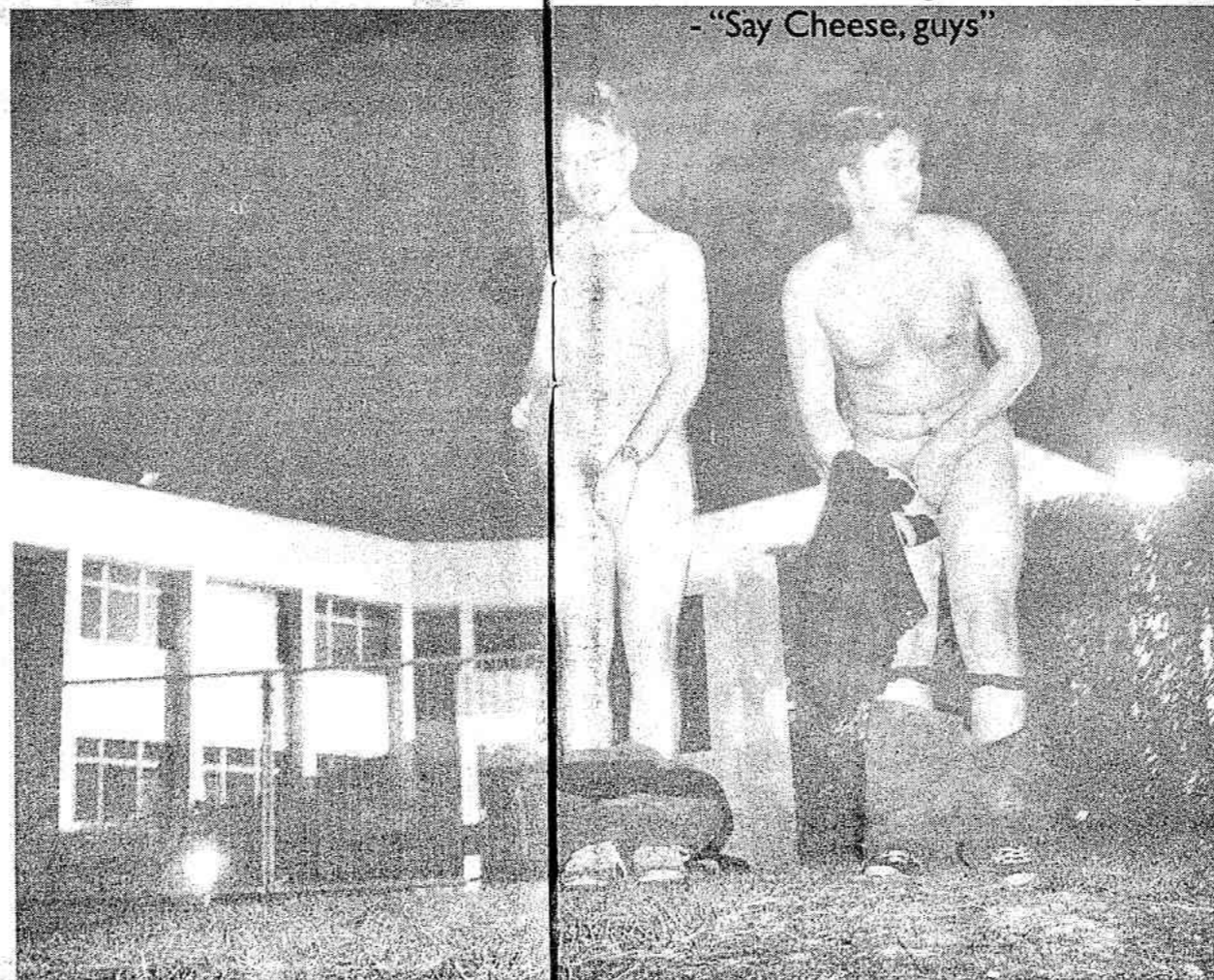
So that was our brush with Israeli authority, phew. We are both alive, and we didn't get arrested, so it was a good day. 520 points later, we didn't win Scav Hunt though. I'll expect to see you all there next year for Scav Hunt 2004!



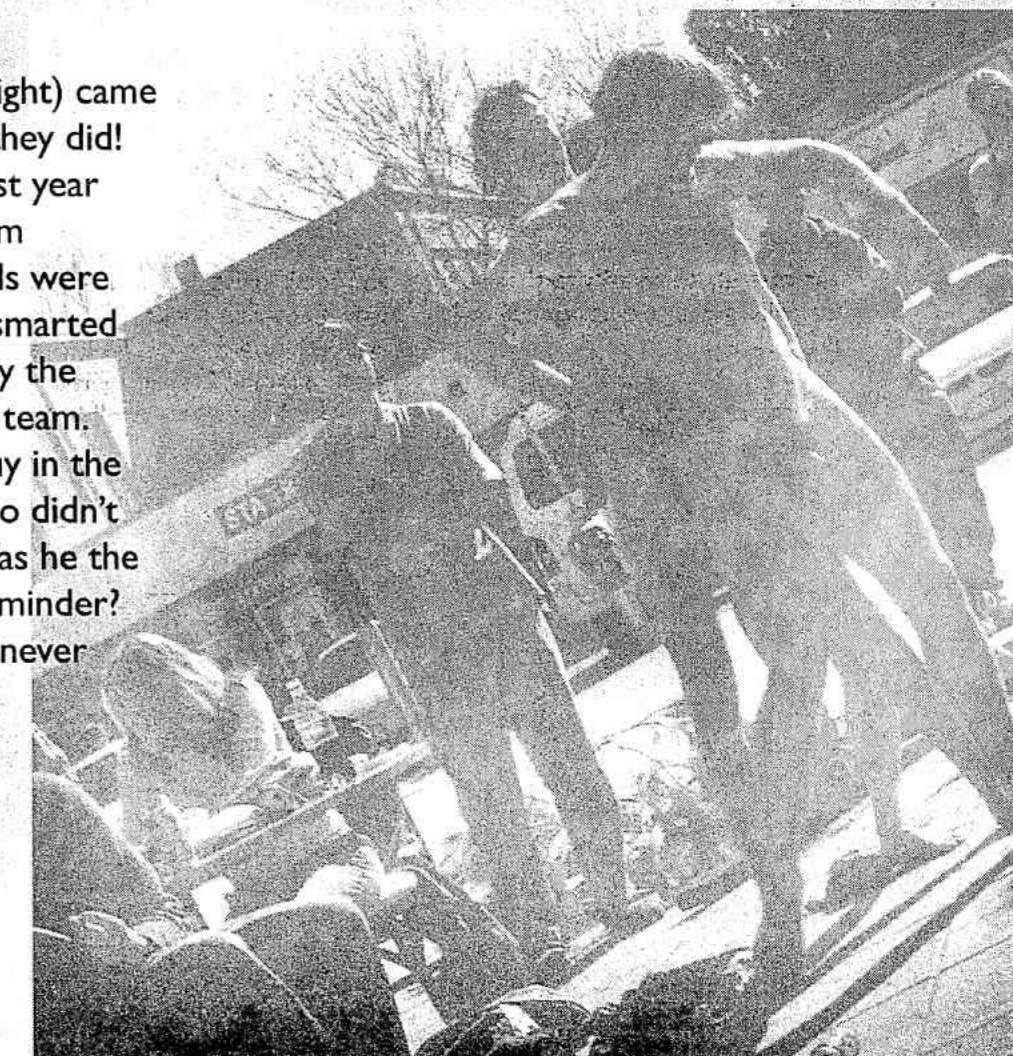
High Court with bong: Not bad, lads



Outside the Nigerian Embassy - "Say Cheese, guys"



These guys (at right) came to win and win they did! The group of first year law students from Canberra schools were out-played, out-smarted and out-lasted by the "Viking" and his team. Who was the guy in the dark sunnies who didn't get his kit off. Was he the "Viking's" ASIO minder? Perhaps we will never know....



Stupendous Nudity

Bush Week hit the high spots early on Thursday afternoon when many prized ANU arses, valued at between \$100 and \$400, pranced around Union Court.

This masterly nudity, which received no national press coverage was apparently the work of more than two students.

It seems that a week or so before the event they had bedded down with soft toys and took notes of Embassy security rounds.

On the day they skipped First Year Law tutes and 4th Year Engineering Seminars in their quest for the big bucks.

They removed no less than seven pieces of clothing. Taking great care not to get themselves caught on anything, they fought and ran their way to glory.

Here, in Union Court, it was necessary to spew on glass and to punch out their mates.

This they did and so as not to cause the authorities any consternation they cleaned up their trash.

Having failed to obtain permission from the authorities to remove their clothes in public, they felt it best to spew on the Commonwealth Bank to get the most laughs.

Those laughs were willingly granted and the spew went on to the windows of the Bank. Nobody was game to clean it up.

Many photos were taken. Nobody has said they intend to press charges.

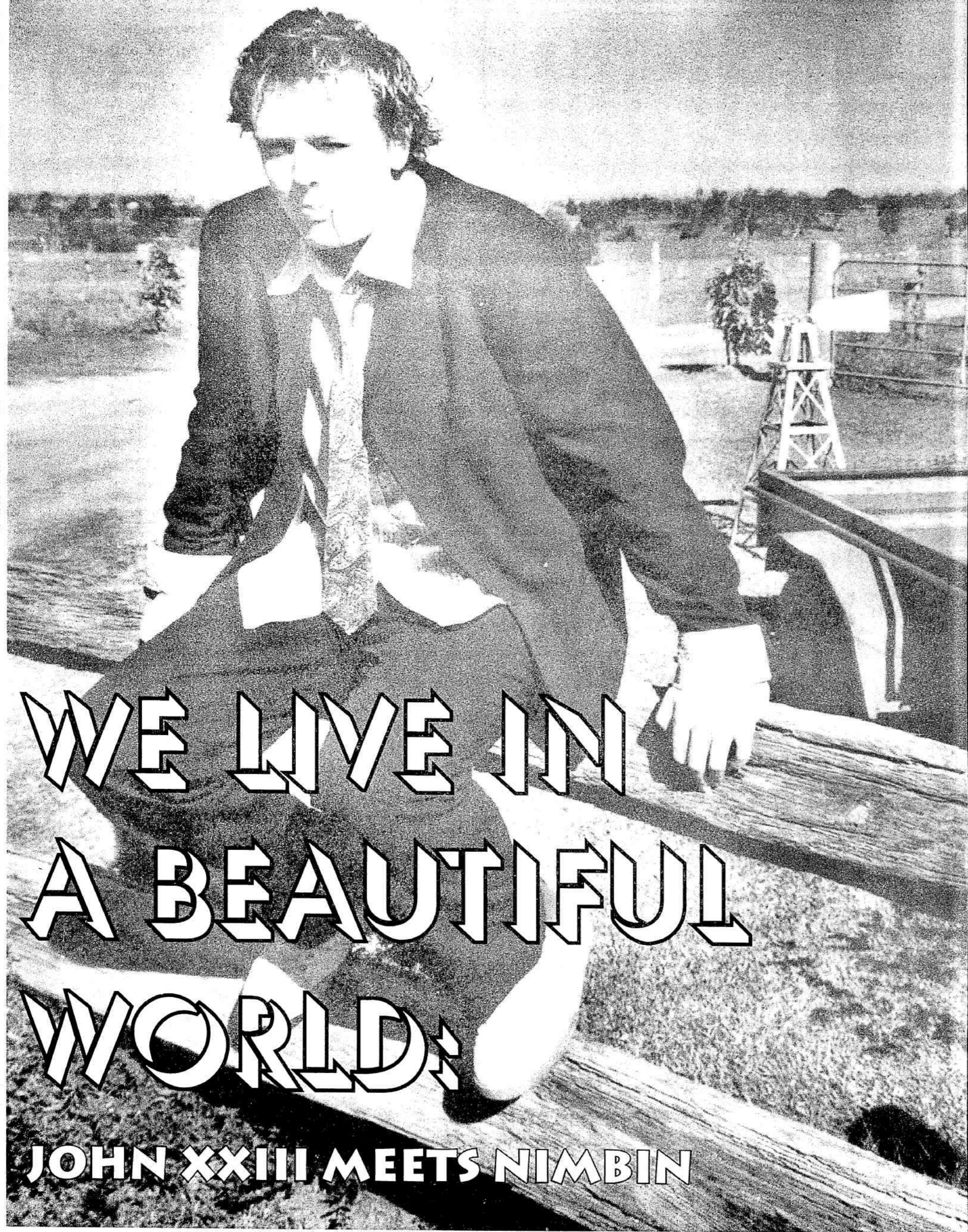
Obviously there is no face left to save. That such nudity and depravity was possible reveals certain strengths in society's social fabric.

Furthermore, the competitors absence from class was not noticed.

This was in spite of the fact that their nudity has been advertised in a Special Edition of Woroni.

With apologies to the Woroni Editors of 1965 and their article "Stupendous Stunt" which was re-printed in *Woroni* 2003, Issue 6.

Woroni's Adam Brodie-McKenzie takes a road trip to Splendour in the Grass



**WE LIVE IN
A BEAUTIFUL
WORLD:**

JOHN XXIII MEETS NIMBIN



"God gave us Splendour in the Grass"

- Chris Martin, Coldplay,
Splendour in the Grass Festival,
Belongil Fields, Byron Bay, 20th
July 2003

About a month ago, my friends and I ventured to Byron Bay for the "Splendour in the Grass" music festival. Three (and later four) mates and I were about to embark on the Road Trip of our lives, changing forever the way that we perceived the world and each other. This is the legend of the Road Trip. As the protagonist of the story I would inevitably have a cathartic experience on the open road (the symbol of life) and never be the same again. We would all be wiser, more hardened and have stronger friendships that nothing could destroy. It is a story of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll...well drugs and rock'n'roll...well, just rock'n'roll really...well...sort of. In fact we mainly just sat in a car.

Now it may seem a little pretentious and somewhat sadistic to read a story of a Road Trip that you have neither conducted yourself nor care little about... And you'd be right, it is pretentious and sadistic. But other than that, consider it as a piece of voyeurism. For those that didn't make it to *Splendour* and wanted

to, this may give you a taste of what was, and maybe making you all the more eager to be a part of what will be. For those that couldn't give a crap about music festivals consider it as a story of five individual struggles (or lack there of) against the open road for fun and excitement in a period where there is little to be happy about in the world. And for those of you who did go, this gives you a chance to trip down memory lane saying "Yeah, I remember that. That's exactly how it happened" or "What the fuck is this guy talking about? That's all wrong! Why the hell did they get this guy to do this story? OUR Road Trip was heaps better!" So just sit back, relax on your own patch of grass and give in while I take you on A Splendid Road Trip.

Sunday, 13th of July:

The fact about a Road Trip that most people ignore is that it involves driving, a lot of it. In the movies this never happens. They start driving, there's some American punk song and then by the end of the song they reach their first destination. As we headed off, "In The Middle" by Jimmy Eatworld started playing on the stereo. We all had a good sing-a-long. However, by the end of the song we had only just made it to the Northbourne traffic

lights, a good 700km from our destination.

Our first day mainly consisted of eating dinner at Cowra (which isn't known for its hamburgers), buying batteries for a stereo (this is much harder than you think, we struggled very hard to find the appropriate size for the stereo while not taking the batteries out of their pack nor knowing what kind of batteries we needed. \$20 was wasted on wrong batteries) and having such random conversations as "But really, they should have more than just one gear for reverse shouldn't they?"

We stopped at Wellington for the night and asked a guy at the local servo where would be the best place for camping alongside the road. Surprisingly, or not, he was not phased by this and told us of this nice picnic area down by the river just off the main road. If that servo guy is reading this, which I'm sure he isn't, I would like to thank him for showing us such a great place to stay. I would also like to thank him for not having the idea of getting his mates to take advantage of four lost out-of-towners. The rest of the night was spent having a sing-a-long with an acoustic guitar with two G strings (which caused both puzzled and sheepish looks from people when we told them

this) with such greats as "Creep", "Monkey Wrench" and "Hit Me Baby One More Time". It also consisted of drinking enough to make the back of a station wagon a comfortable sleeping location whilst sleeping with other men.

Monday, 14th:

Waking up was hell. It was bloody cold although although one of us, Sam, didn't seem to mind, which he demonstrated by not putting any pants on for about half an hour. We were all starving and so decided to try some local cuisine at Maccas. Shockingly, it tasted just like any other Maccas and thus was not satisfying in the least, but we thought we should check anyway.

We spent the majority of the day sitting in the car, not talking, catching up on sleep that was not possible to get the previous night. Our destination was Sam's girlfriend, Mac's place. She lives on a farm just out of Tamworth. While Sam and Mac did what they did (They hadn't seen each other for at least a week) the other three of us, Rouslun, Joe and myself went to find our roots on the land (no pun intended). This involved chasing cows until we realized one was a displeased, protective bull. Rouslun then decided to piss on a fence. I

told him to be aware because it might be electric. Unfortunately he didn't get zapped, but I discovered my caution was justified when I climbed through it in all its electrified glory. We then walked among the crops and power lines which was truly amazing at sunset. We ended the day by watching *Secret Life* and drinking...again.

Tuesday, 15th of July:

The sleep was truly amazing, my own bed all to myself. If I had known this would be the last time I would be sleeping alone for the Road Trip I might have enjoyed it even more. Alas 'twas not to be.

After passing the Gold Guitar in Tamworth we headed to Grafton to Shorty's farm to meet up with the chick car that was also heading up to Byron. The winding roads were mind numbingly boring to the extent we began singing "This is the Song that Doesn't End"...Sad but true.

It was great catching up with our female counterparts and hearing their stories. It made me truly aware that a Road Trip is just designed to create interesting anecdotes. They had slept in a tent which did not even

keep a roof over their heads. They ended up drenched despite the "canvas" covering them. Interesting.

Now Shorty is a rock'n'roll dancer. For some reason he believed it would be a fun idea to teach us all how to dance...and he was right. The only problem is that Toohey's New and dancing do not go together well, particularly if you were the poor damsel whose feet I was stepping on. Even more so for KG and Luce who had to then spend the night with me.

Wednesday, 16th of July:

Today was the day of the races, the Grafton Races. This apparently means something...to people who live in Grafton. I lost a total of \$8.00 at the races. This was pretty good as I bet on every race. In fact I nearly won \$160 off \$5 on the big race and only lost it by a nose...it was quite exhilarating...and disappointing.

After the races we headed to our final destination, Lennox Head. We had been unable to get

"Look, I'm pretty sure we still have two hours to go before we hit Lake George."



camping tickets for Splendour and literally every place in Byron was booked out. This resulted in finding a a roof in Lennox. The only place was a unit supposedly on the beach. We were expecting Town House slums. It was in fact a Cosmo Condo right on the beach. We couldn't believe our luck. Sure there may have been 11 people sleeping in a 3 person unit but we got by. Attempting to fool the landlord that there were only 3 of us was probably the hardest part. Although he never saw more than 3 of us at once it was always a different 3. I think he knew but as they are so laid back on the coast he didn't care. All of us wearing only three kinds of outfits may have helped as well.

We arrived at sunset and it was like straight out of a movie. The moon rising over the water after dark was fitting for a place where splendour would be held. However it was not touching enough for us to do anything as we all crashed pretty much as soon as we entered the door but not before eating a calzone which Lennox Head is not known for.

Thursday, 17th of July:

Got up at 7:30 AM(!) and went for a swim. This is the earliest I have voluntarily got up in living memory. It was amazing, by the time I had severely grazed my feet and frozen to death it was only 9:00.

It's funny the unusual things that happen when you're on a Road Trip and this was certainly unexpected. It was my dad's birthday last Tuesday which I of course missed, firstly because I was on a Road Trip and secondly because he was in Adelaide. However, he needed to be in

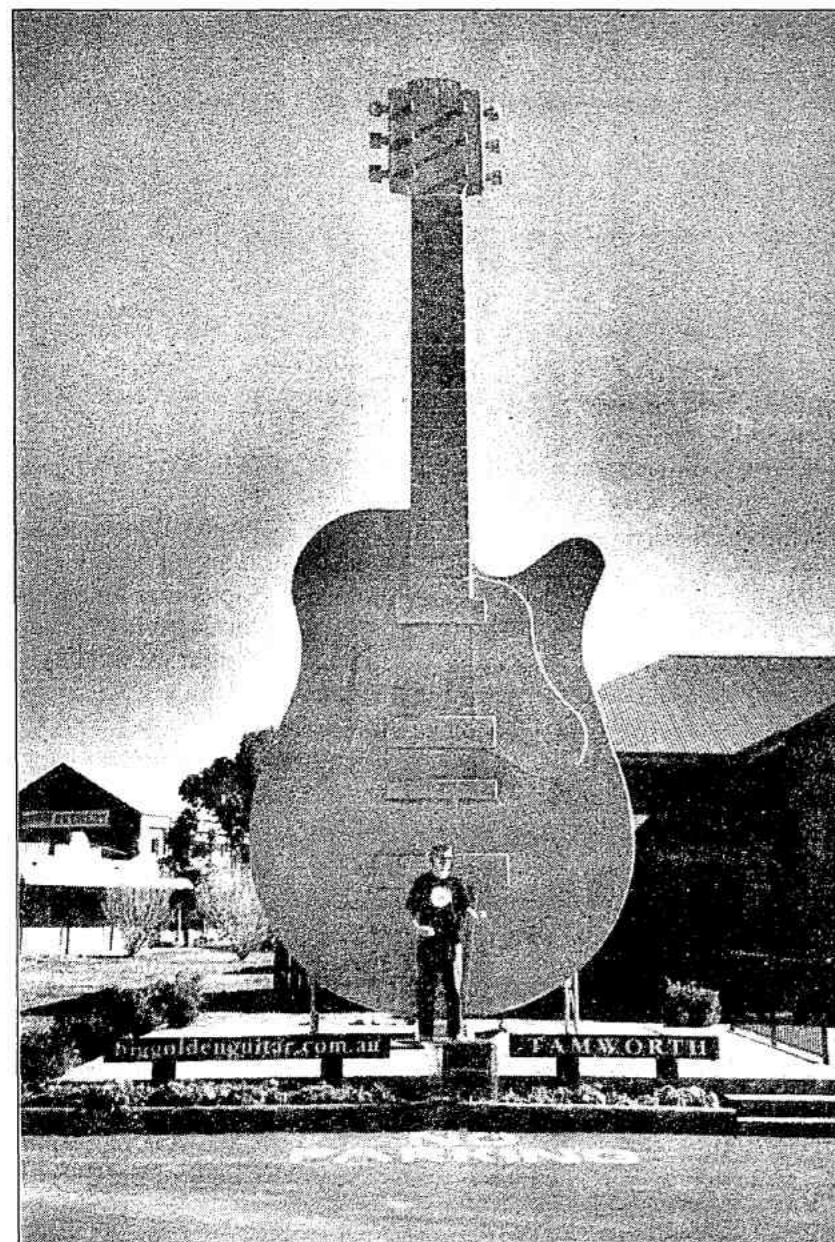
Brisbane for work and so he came down to Byron for the day and I got to say Happy Birthday in the flesh...strange but true.

The rest of the day we went to Byron in the hope of going Hippy shopping. We figured that there would be heaps of Op Shops being what it is and all. However, there was only one and we couldn't find it. There were a shit load of clothes stores, far more than Canberra and far more variety as well which is sad considering it has less than a 10th of the population. Cheap the stores were not and there were only a couple that were authentically hippy which I found disappointing. Speaking of the population it must have doubled with the festival because it was very difficult to find anyone over the age of 25...who wasn't a pot head.

To mourn the lack of hippiness at Byron we found the bottle, just for a change. Hornsey, the eternally sober and funny man of this reputable magazine came for a visit. He did not join us in our mourning but did join us in sitting...and sleeping which we conducted after sitting.

Friday, 18th of July:

What would be a Road Trip up the coast without going to Nimbin? Well for one thing it would involve a lot fewer people offering you pot. Within 5 minutes, that being the time it took to walk to the main street, we were getting joints and ounces shoved in our face faster than a junkie can say "give me a fix" (which may actually be sometime). It was disconcerting, particularly as one thing that NSW is not know for is its lax drug laws, unlike our nation's capital. There was



Nowhere does it say "No air-guitar."



It's like you're only metres away from Chris Martin from Coldplay... Or some geeky pommy dole-bludger in a tracksuit whose girlfriend is Gwyneth Paltrow.

a very interesting juxtaposition between the tourist perception of Nimbin and the locals. While you are told everywhere it is a place of peace and harmony, after examining the locals it was more absent and void. It was very sad in some places, one owner of a store uncontrollably shaking and trying very hard to string a sentence together. It was inspiring mainly in the fact that knowing that if a group of people really believed in something, getting wacked off their head, there was little the authorities could do about it. I guess that's a good thing.

Saturday and Sunday, 19th and 20th of July, The days of Splendour:

The Splendid day had arrived and the anticipation was excruciating. There were a couple of hitches on the way, like having to get a person who actually had a driver's license to drive the car to Byron in case of police.

It was pouring in the morning which made us all worried that the festival would be drowned out. Fortunately the rain eased long enough for us to wait in line for half an hour to get into the event.

Upon entering Splendour in the Grass it was soon obvious that the name implies not so much the green lawn as much as it is weed. The smell emanated from every corner of the festival, stronger than Nimbin, and never ceased until you walked out the gates. This was strange as there were bag checks and security checks upon entering the sites...I don't think I want to know where they

stuck their joints to get them in. The name certainly also was not in reference to the lawn because there wasn't any...Splendour in the Mud would have been a much more appropriate name for the weekend.

Despite the rain, the music was fantastic. I must bashfully say that I never moved from the rock stage which is a pity as I would have liked to have seen Goldfrappe and Ugly Duckling.

One of the strangest things about Splendour is the lack of moshing. Bands such as Sunk Loto barely got a head bang. Sam had told me before going that this was the case but I have to say I didn't believe him. The exceptions to this were The Music and The Living End who were also hands down the best bands on Saturday. The Music's energy was splendastic with Robert Harvey showing the crowd the way to rock with his bizzaro dancing moves. Everyone knew the words to The Living End and, unlike Powderfinger, they were able to make this into a splendiferous show with moshing for all.

The surprise band for me on Saturday was Veruca Salt. This was mainly because I had heard that the lead singer went out with Dave Grohl which was a bit hard to believe when seeing her...I was assured that she had let herself go since then. They were also much more rock than I thought they would be and definitely got my two thumbs up (which was not all that was up as the bassist's top did not leave much to the imagination. Snigger.)

On Sunday, Frenzal Rhomb put on a great show of novelties while playing maybe 3 songs. But of course, the band of the night, and the festival, was Coldplay...they even made Yellow sound good. The artful performance of Christ Martin was splendourific as he really put on a show. It was interesting comparing their message to that of the previous band, Placebo. While the Gothic Jockey that is Brian Molko leaves the crowd with the all inspiring "See you at the bitter end!" Chris Martin does a rendition of "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong.

Other than the music, I was also lucky enough to get two backstage passes (or backstages as they are called by those who have possessed them) for being the Music Editor for Woroni. As those of you who have ventured backstage would know it is an unspoken law not to be the slobbering starry eyed fan rushing up to every famous person you can see and demanding them for their autograph or for a photo. I foolishly brought my camera in with me on one occasion and every person there gave me the wary look of prey who has just met its predator. So although I did give Wil Anderson some new material (because God knows he needs some), Chris Martin lyrics for a new song, explain to John Butler that a new chord progression might be a good idea for his next single and flirt with Gwyneth Paltrow, there is no proof of this and you will just have to believe me.

I could go on for hours, or pages even, about Splendour but I think

you get the idea. It truly was splendid and a must for anyone with a musical bone in their body (Although I hear those are hard to come by).

Monday, 21st of July

Despite accidentally heading half way to Brisbane, The Road Trip back was pretty uneventful. The biggest event was that we were going from Lennox (via a quick route down the highway to Brisbane) to Canberra in a day. This is considered a hard task by some people and I must say that sitting on my arse for 14 hours, sleeping, talking and reading certainly was arduous. Upon reaching our final destination there was a great deal of regret; firstly, because it was over and secondly because we had returned to yet another semester of university. Sadly, this is the nature of Road Trips, they must all come to an end...

Epilogue

I found that on the Road Trip it was often the little things that were the most special. Taking a swim every morning at Lennox, walking across the crops during sunset with the power lines in the distance, doing square dancing at Shorty's or listening to Richard Butler tell us how doomed the world was at the Festival of Ideas while cruising through the beautiful mountainous rainforests of Northern NSW. These are the things that touched me more than John Butler telling me where my home is. These are the special things of a Road Trip.

Another thing that makes the Road Trip so special is that it is a Road Trip. The fact of being on the open road and experiencing a Road Trip is one of the best bits about it. I know people that had heaps more exciting Road Trips, such as hitchhiking with truckies all the way back to Canberra. Nevertheless, even if we didn't do something as exciting as that and the most heinous thing that happened was getting the wrong batteries for the stereo, it was still an adventure. It was still my first Road Trip that lasted for more than a day and for that reason it will always hold a special place in my heart (awww...) I did get to know the world better, or at least the north coast of NSW and it was somewhat cathartic making me realise that I must travel further and more often. It is this burning desire to explore (and not more teen movies) that will keep humans travelling and the legend of the Road Trip alive.

Get Yourself Tested

By Elizabeth Evans

Information from Kevin Schamburg, Phillip Habel, Ruth Primrose and Elissa O'Keefe

Have you been exercising your orgasms with another and are now showing signs of redness, itching or soreness? Maybe you've never been tested for sexually transmitted infections (STIs) or blood borne viruses (BBVs), or perhaps you had a test a while ago and feel its time to get retested. I cannot stress how important this is because most STIs have no signs or symptoms, and the only way you will ever know about them is by checking.

If you are in need of a sexual health check up, don't worry, we've got the solution that is easy and accessible for you. The STRIP project has come to ANU, as a result of its wide success across Canberra. No, I'm not talking about a Saturday night out at Sinsations, I'm talking about the Sexual Health Testing Referral and Information Project (STRIP), which is conducted by three local health organisations. Your sexual health is your responsibility, and no matter what your sexuality or fitness, you are still susceptible to sexual illnesses. So what are you waiting for? Do it!! Alternatively you can go to the Canberra Sexual Health Centre (call 6244 2184 for appointment).

STRIP will run for four weeks, commencing on Wednesday 30th of July at the Jellybabies room at the ANU. You can meet the STRIP team at ANU Queer Space, during 1pm - 3pm on the following dates: 6th August, 13th August, 20th August.

Even if you only want to discuss

any sexual health questions with the project staff, they are more than happy to answer your questions.

I'm also talking about safe sex. I'm a Medical Science student at the ANU, and it doesn't take a lot of imagination to know what some University students get up to on a Saturday night. By all means have your fun, but never forget to slip on a condom, and slap on some water proof lube!

I'm also a Project Officer for the Community Education and Health Promotion Unit at the AIDS Action Council, where I am currently working on the relaunch of the health campaign - 'Cover Yourself in Canberra'.

The campaign depicts four ACT landmarks covered by a condom. My job is to promote and market this safe sex health campaign around Canberra to bars, clubs, gymnasiums, restaurants, tourist attractions and events. Hopefully you have seen these pictures on postcards, condom packs and posters around ANU, Fyshwick and other places around Canberra. The campaign has been a HUGE success and has been readily adopted by 140 venues around Canberra. The campaign is also being displayed by Val Morgan Cinema Advertising in a cinema near you. Working at this organization has been a fantastic opportunity for me on my road to study medicine.

My job has also been a big eye opener as I have been directly exposed to current media and statistics relating to the rise in STIs and HIV in Canberra, so that I have come to appreciate how relevant sexual health is to each individual. New infections

of HIV are on the rise, but what is surprising is that from 2000 to 2001 this infection rate has dramatically increased around Australia. In NSW new infections of HIV have increased to 12.7%, Victoria has increased 7% and Queensland has increased by 20%! There has also been a high rate of Gonorrhoea and Chlamydia has been documented in the ACT, where the main age range of this STI is between 18 - 25 years old. Boys do not think that you are exempt from these STIs, because both males and females can be affected. Never think absentmindedly about your sexual health, it is important, and is not worth gambling with.

OK. Some of you may never have had a sexual health check up in your life, but now is as good a time as any to look after your sexual health. Just like all new experiences you might think its easier to ignore, but this is not wise when your talking about your health. Knowing your status helps you make informed decisions about sex. To ease any fears you might have with the check up, I have listed what you can expect if you decide to get tested: 1. Urine test,

2. Blood test, 3. Possible throat and rectal swabs. Now that doesn't sound too scary, does it? The result will usually take a week after the initial consultation, and your confidentiality is guaranteed. If you are smart enough to get tested, all you need to do is to give a name (any name), a contact number (such as your mobile), and make sure to come back to get your results. Too easy.

Basically the whole aim of the project is to prevent or manage STIs and BBVs. As I've described

the process is very simple and it's all about running some tests to check whether you might have an infection, and follow through with appropriate treatment or management if necessary. Ideally everyone should be tested *at least* once a year, but sometimes this is not undertaken. So if you have never been tested, or if you have any symptoms, or you are worried, you should be tested as soon as possible.

There are many ways that you might have caught an STI or BBV, for eg. sharing fits, condom breakage or having sex with a partner whose sexual health you are unsure of. There are also some STIs that you can develop through skin to skin contact, even while practicing safe sex, such as genital herpes or warts. While sex is probably one of the top 10 life experiences, it is important to remember that you are not just sleeping with your partner, you are sleeping with all of their sexual partners.

What happens if you get tested, but get a positive result? This means that you have an infection that you must do something about, in order to protect your health and stop the infection of somebody else. Remember that it is not all doom and gloom, some infections - like gonorrhoea and chlamydia - are easily cured. Others, like HIV and Hepatitis B or C, will need close medical management of the infection.

So, if you inject drugs, or are in a long-term relationship, or have one night stands or haven't had sex in a while. No matter who you are, how healthy you are, or what your sexual preference is, take care of your sexual health.

Vox Pop: J. Ho and Mawwidge

On the 6th of August this year Prime Minister John Howard (henceforth abbreviated for slickness and convenience to J.Ho) made a statement to the effect that under his government same sex marriages would never be legalised. J.Ho denied that this stance was discriminatory. He was quoted in the Sydney Morning Herald as saying "Marriage... is about providing for the survival of the species." This sparked debate about gay rights and the contemporary role and relevance of the institution of marriage. Woroni set out to find what you think.

We asked:

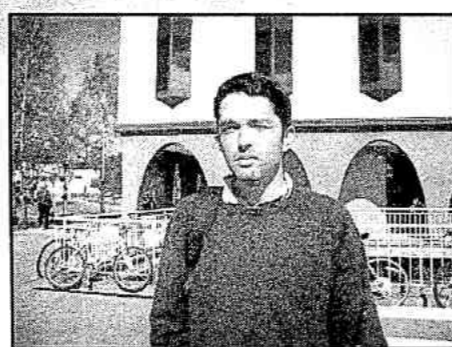
1. What do you think is the primary purpose of marriage?
2. Should people who aren't married be allowed to have kids?
3. Do you agree or disagree with J.Ho's stance about the right to same sex marriages?

They said:

Henry Mares

Law lecturer

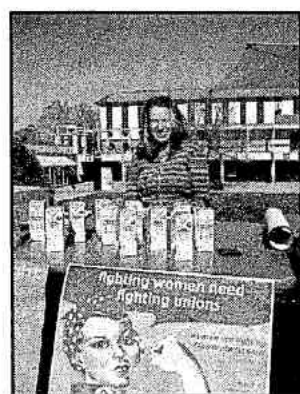
1. Doesn't that vary depending on who's getting married?
2. It's not anyone else's business.
3. I'm not sure that there's a right to marriage per se, but I don't see that people should be prevented from getting married.



Trish Gray

BA/B Science, 5th year

1. It's about enslaving the woman.
2. Yep.
3. I disagree, I think they should be legal.



Paul

BA, 3rd year

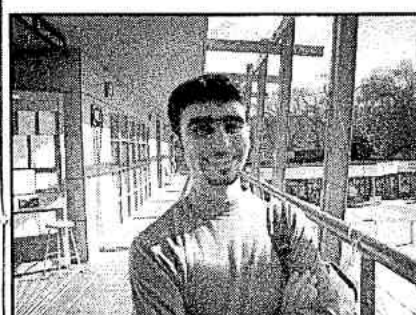
1. To formalise commitment between two people, not to ensure survival of the species, as J.Ho stated.
2. (laughs) Yes.
3. I disagree.



Ameer Ali

Commerce/IT, 3rd year

1. Sex! (giggles) Oh, can you put "and lovey dovey stuff" in brackets?
2. No.
3. I don't really care what J.Ho thinks.



Daniel Vassarotti

BA(Asian Studies)/LLB, final year

1. Companionship, and flowing on from that, a legal recognition and everything that entails.
2. Yep.
3. I disagree.



Gaia Puleston

B Asian Studies (Chinese)/LLB, technically 5th year

1. That's hard to answer, because I don't believe marriage is that relevant in an increasingly secular society. Today faith is one of the only reasons for marriage, de facto relationships are equally able to give love and companionship.
2. Yes.
3. Strongly disagree.



WELCOME
to

Queer Collaborations
2003



the place to be?

450 Queers. Five days. One backpackers. David Mills, Tara Callaghan, Kirstin and Tim West present the official ANU report on Queer Collaborations 2003.

"My girlfriend's not butch - she's a mechanic!"
By David Mills

I don't feel like writing about what Queer Collaborations is or isn't, or discuss in depth any issues raised at the plenaries and workshops. So, instead, I'm going to take a look at some of the reasons a few hundred queers from around the country decide to converge once a year. I'm also going to generalise shamelessly, despite QC largely being about rejecting labels and stereotypes.

The PolitiQueer: These are the ones that set up their stalls out the front of the main conference room every day of the conference. They'll raise their hand during a plenary to ask a question and instead go on some sort of rant, vaguely relevant to the issue at hand. They'll try to 'stack' the resolutions session to get their motions passed, but by that point in the conference everyone's over it anyway. They're there to recruit, recruit, recruit and boycott. Political agendas split the Newcastle conference in 2001, but the PolitiQueers seem to be a dying breed.

The Lifestyle Queer: These are almost always young gay boys. They will:

- Unpack a hair-dryer in the bathroom of the backpackers'.
- Skip workshops to buy

clothes on Chapel Street.

- Take hair product with them when they're shopping.
- Spend most of the intervening time worrying about their hair and clothes.

The Newbie: These queers are newly 'out', so to speak and are having their first taste of queer activism. They're keen to network and meet other queers and share ideas. At least until they've found the guy/girl/whatever of their dreams.

The AcademiQueer: Is writing a thesis (dedicated to the 'random and anonymous bodies they've fucked') and wants other people to hear their in depth opinions on queer theory. They can get dangerously abstract and post-modern if you're not careful. You can spot them by the sheet of references they carry around as ammunition.

Genderfucking Queer Collaborations

By Tara Callaghan

At this year's annual Queer Collaborations there appeared to me, a virgin QC delegate, to be a strong emphasis on the disintegration of bipolar gender roles and the deregulation of labels in an attempt to 'queer' our ever growing community.

Personally, I'm all for this. I believe the *genderfuck* leaders are

fighting the good fight, not only for those of us that slip through the cracks when it comes to social labels, but also those of us who like and embrace our gender roles, but are sick and tired of institutions academising, and in the end commodifying, who we are.

The dominant mainstream (heterosexual) community tells us that we need to conform to the labels. Labels mainly conceived by heterosexual psychologists etc, in an attempt to help 'fix' us. However, in the past couple of decades there has been a growing desire in our 'queer' community to embrace these labels and assign gender roles to specific groups and individuals. In my opinion, this is what is stifling our diversity and ability to be our 'natural' selves.

Whilst I'm all for a newly 'outed' youngster (or oldie) to label themselves in order for them to feel comfortable as part of a group, I believe that us 'old-timers', those of us who are comfortable in our skins, need to further the *genderfuck* movement. We must deconstruct arbitrary labelling and become free of gender roles, denaturalising (if you will) what it means to be ourselves as 'queer'.

Personally I don't want to fit comfortably into a certain

stereotype or gender role. I don't want to make it easy for a hetero (or homo for that matter) to understand me. I am who I am, as simple as that. I don't need a classification to know that I'm a human being that transcends natty labels. Hopefully this argument will find a fuller voice not only in our queer community, but in the larger heterosexual community. Hopefully it will be pursued further at next years QC in Brisbane.



Reportage

By Kirsten

This year's Queer Collaborations held at RMIT in Melbourne offered a unique opportunity to meet and interact with queer students from all over the country. Congratulations must be sent to all involved in organising the event; I was particularly impressed by the AUSLAN interpreters for the deaf who did well the whole week but particularly when faced with the abstract phrasing of some performance art. Generally being a bit sceptical of performance art, I was pleasantly surprised by the talented and highly professional poetry of one of our very own delegates.

Of course political correctness was rampant and a fair share of bandwagon-jumping was encouraged. Unfortunately my 'land rights for gay whales' placard wouldn't fit on the bus. As for those of us who weren't or 'did not choose to identify' as vegetarians...well I wouldn't say second-class citizens but...

In all seriousness however, the fact that QC coincided with NAIDOC week was fortunate in that I had the opportunity to discuss all number of issues with the indigenous people I met from all over Australia and experience some traditional music and dance. People congregated to RMIT for QC or NAIDOC or indeed both and I made some great friends.

QC was comprised of two main aspects; firstly, and of course most importantly, was the informative, semi-academic side which included seminars

and workshops. These covered everything from 'Riot Grrls and Bois' which detailed the history of the movement from its beginnings in punk culture to the current day practice of subverting gender roles and mainstream ideals, to 'youth day', to a BDSM workshop, held in where else but RMIT's basement.

The second part that must be mentioned was the social aspect of the conference and full credit must go to the University of Melbourne who hosted a successful masquerade ball. The highlight of the social events was undoubtedly the wrap up party on Friday night held in several locations all leading from a brightly decorated back alley at RMIT. I'm only sorry that I won't be a student for the next QC (which incidentally will be held in Brisbane...sunny Brisbane).

QC F!cks Gender

Identity

By Tim West

I recently attended Queer Collaborations, a national queer student conference. Before attending, I had a fairly good idea that I was gay, possibly queer and definitely homosexual, but now I'm entirely unsure. QC has, in short, f#cked my gender identity.

It turns out that being gay (or whatever) is a bad, bad thing. George Pell has been saying this



for ages but, to my surprise, he was right.

After all, as radical-left-revolutionaries tell me, these identities are labels, and labels allow the ruling-class to divide the working class to prevent us rising up, so they can use our labour to their benefit. By identifying as gay, I am playing my part: I am just one brick, fitting neatly into their pyramid-shaped society.

Unfortunately, I quite like gender identities, and I was rather enjoying being gay. Even so, it has come upon me to re-think my gender identity. Luckily, QC provided some examples of acceptable gender identities:

Identify as 'Tim' or, as Popeye says, 'I yam what I yam'. This prevents neat classification of me and also gives the ruling class

no clue as to what on Earth I shag. There is one slight problem – upon being asked what I am, I'd say, what, "I'm Tim"...provoking the question "but what are you?". The problem here is obvious.

"Bisexual sadomasochistic whore" was another suggested. Now this works too – the ruling class, with their associated sensibilities, will not want to deal with this. But as I am well aware I am not bisexual, sadomasochistic or, contrary to rumours spread at Cube, a whore. My quest for an identity is thwarted again.

So what am I? I'm not entirely sure. But for the moment, and to the great relief of the ruling class, I will remain steadfastly gay, queer and homosexual. I expect the Socialist Alternative to picket my house any time now.

Education and

NUS

The letters in the last issue of Woroni attacking the National Union of Students (NUS) and proposing the ANU Students' Association disaffiliates are, at best, misguided, and misleadingly generalise assertions derived from poor responses by the NUS President in an interview with Woroni, to the NUS as a whole.

Although there are many aspects of the NUS I would like to see reformed, it is obvious that students would be worse off without a national voice.

There seems to be an underlying theme in these letters that the purpose of our affiliation with the NUS is for them to directly give us stuff. This is an absurdity. The role of the NUS is as a national representative body for students in Australia. This means that its function should be to advocate for students' collective interests in political forums where students have little or no voice individually, not to prop up campus life by handing back our affiliation money.

There is a further assertion that the ANU has no relevance within the NUS, because of a lack of voting power. Indeed, at NUS National Conference the ANU's relative size means we have fewer votes than other campuses, but since our affiliation ANU students have been active participants within the NUS, and have had several representatives on national committees, including the National Executive, the members of which direct the NUS in between yearly National Conferences. There is presently an ANU representative on the

National Women's Committee.

The claim that the ANU has a lack of influence is combined with a claim that National Conference is "a piss-up paid for by students where everything important is decided months in advance." While I have no wish to defend the factionalism of the NUS (indeed even the most hardcore factional members agree this is a problem), this is a highly cynical view, and plainly wrong. Try asking any ANU delegate to National Conference how much spare time they had to drink during the conference.

Finally, the proposal that the key to reforming the NUS is for the ANU to threaten to disaffiliate is self-evidently baseless. Given the past success of ANU students willing to participate, I fail to see how such an abstentionist position could possibly be supported.

The NUS does need a stronger presence at the ANU, but this will come through involvement in the Students' Association collectives, not through pointless threats of disaffiliation. We can best utilise the NUS resources and networks through participation.

If you want to know more about NUS or education issues, please get in touch with the Education Department. Contact 612 50710 or sa.education@anu.edu.au

Andrew Shelley
Education Officer and former
NUS delegate

We Want Your Ideas

The ANU sends 4 delegates to the NUS Conference each year and gives the organisation enough money to buy a small boat (or two). Understanding and debating NUS' role for ANU students is important. If you have anything to say on this issue you can write to:
woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au
This is an open invite for anybody with something to say about the ANU's position within the National Union of Students.
Don't be shy, we would love to hear from you!

Woroni Election Issue

Everyone's favourite time of the year is upon us once more... Unknowing first years will be accosted by ANU's student political caste as they make their way to the bar or to meet their friends at the Asian Bistro. To win a Students' Association election it probably helps if you get yourself and your message out in Woroni. This year Woroni will help you to get your message out if you help us by following these rules. It's pretty simple but people will, of course, fuck it up. If you fuck up, we don't care!

Candidate Statements

1. **Must** be submitted in the following format:
 - 100 words or less
 - Saved as a Rich Text File (RTF)
 - Saved with the candidate's name and ticket name as the file name
2. Must be e-mailed as an attachment to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au by 5 pm, 22 August 2003.
3. No late submissions will be accepted under any circumstances.

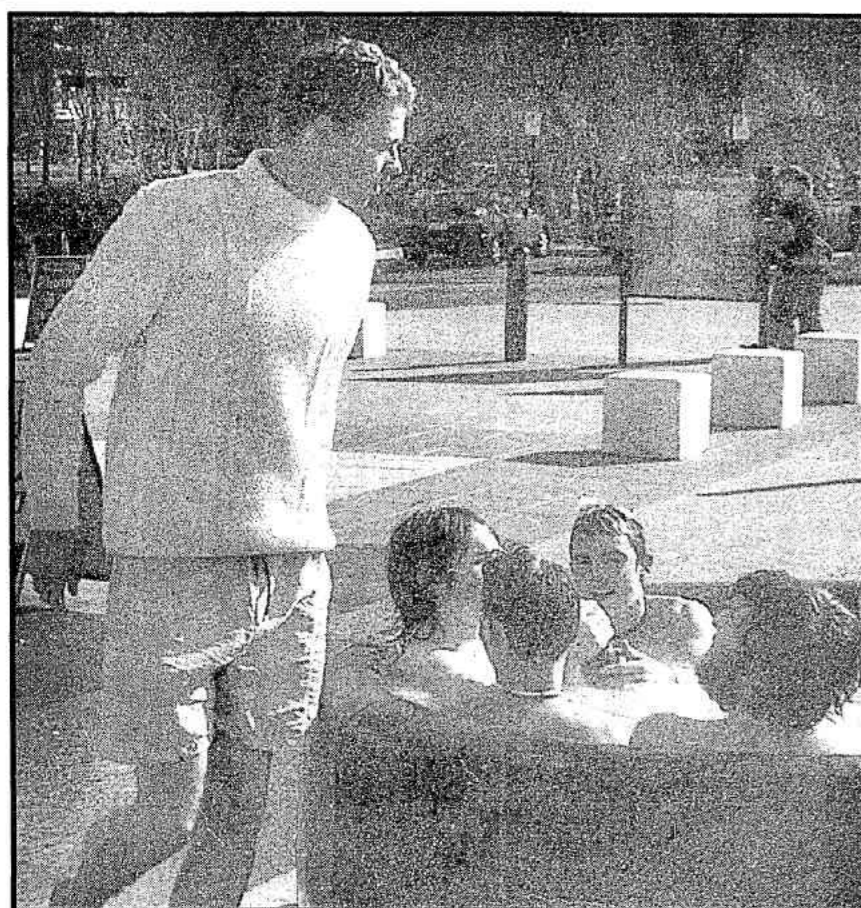
Candidate Photos

1. Will only be used if Woroni can access them as digital images.
2. That means you have two options for getting your photo taken and into Woroni:
 - a) You can take your own photo and send it to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au as a TIFF or JPEG. Images sent in this way should be saved with the candidate's name and ticket name as the file name.
 - b) You can organise with the Woroni photographic staff for them to take your ticket's photos (or if you are a genuinely independent and individual candidate, with no ticket affiliation we can take your photo individually).

If you just come to the Woroni office you may (if it suits the photographic staff) get your photo taken. It would be much safer and smarter to organise to have your photos taken at a specific time by writing to Woroni at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. The Woroni photo-monkeys are happy to be of assistance but can't be relied on to fit with any particularly unrealistic demands.

3. Woroni **will not** scan images of candidates.
4. Images will be accepted at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au until 5 pm, 22 August 2003
5. Obviously, no late submissions will be accepted.

That's it. Eight simple instructions to get your candidature advertised in the ANU's premier campus publication. If you have any questions or comments Woroni can be contacted on 6248 7127 or at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au.
Remember the deadline for your submissions is 5 pm, 22 August 2003



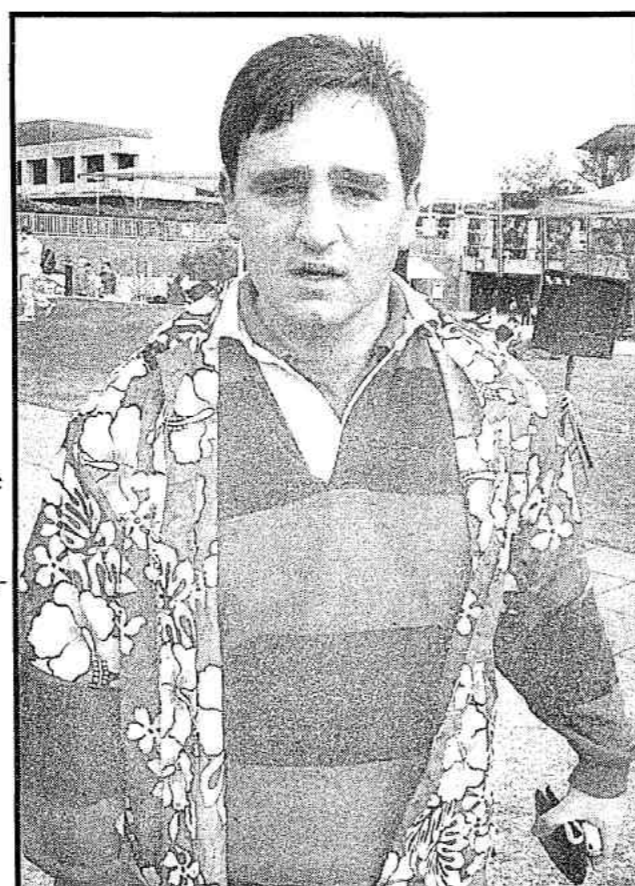
Loud and Queer

The Sexual-health, Testing, Referral and Information Project (STRIP) has been successful, with many people taking the opportunity to get free, confidential and professional sexual-health screenings. The project will finish on Wednesday the 20th August 1-3pm in the Queer Space (lower-ground floor, Crisp Building). For more information or for bookings (optional) call the AIDS Action Council on 6257 2855.

Queer as Lunch continues. Get your dose of the UK version of 'Queer as Folk' in the Queer Space at 12 noon every week. What will happen to Nathan, Vince, Stuart and all the rest this week?

One of the ANU's biggest queer-friendly events is the Jellybabies Ball. This year the fabulous Jellybabies committee are planning what is sure to be an amazing night on Saturday 30th August. Tickets are only \$35 for members (and membership is free). For more details, email them on jellybabies_committee@yahoo.com.

David Mills
Sexuality Officer
sexdep@anu.edu.au
612 58514



Environment Collective AGM and Office-Usage-For-Fun-And-Planet-Saving Skillsharing Session

Tuesday 19 August
ANUSA

Mark the day in your diary. Better than that, actually turn up. All afternoon we are going to have a crazy session of showing people how the ANUSA works, working out what we wish hatching crazy schemes to take it over and convert the entire thing into a windfarm, and also eating lots of ace food.

This will also be the Annual General Meeting for the Enviro Collective. Bring a friend! No really. Current Enviro Collective folks are mostly leaving the ANU at the end of the year, so more active people are encouraged to join now, and take on the awesome resources of the collective for your own crazy green schemes?

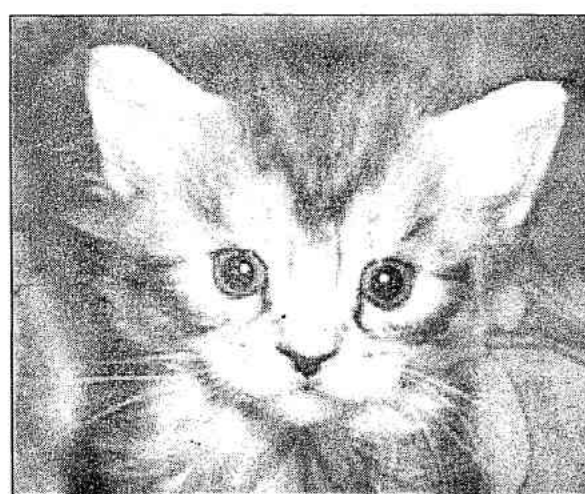
Wanna run events, publish magazines and books, get free recycled office equipment, lobby ministers, walk across Australia for nuclear disarmament... It's all here.

There will be food, chai and a chance to discuss and participate in the future of the EC. Email questions to [enviro.collective@](mailto:enviro.collective@anu.edu.au) and any "items" for the "agenda" by the day before.

The New Australia: how challenging sexuality discrimination will change the face of the nation

Guest lecture by Rodney Croome, spokesperson for the Tasmanian Gay and Lesbian Rights Group. In June he was made a Member of the Order of Australia for his contribution to the gay and lesbian human rights movement.

12 noon MCC T4, Monday 18th August



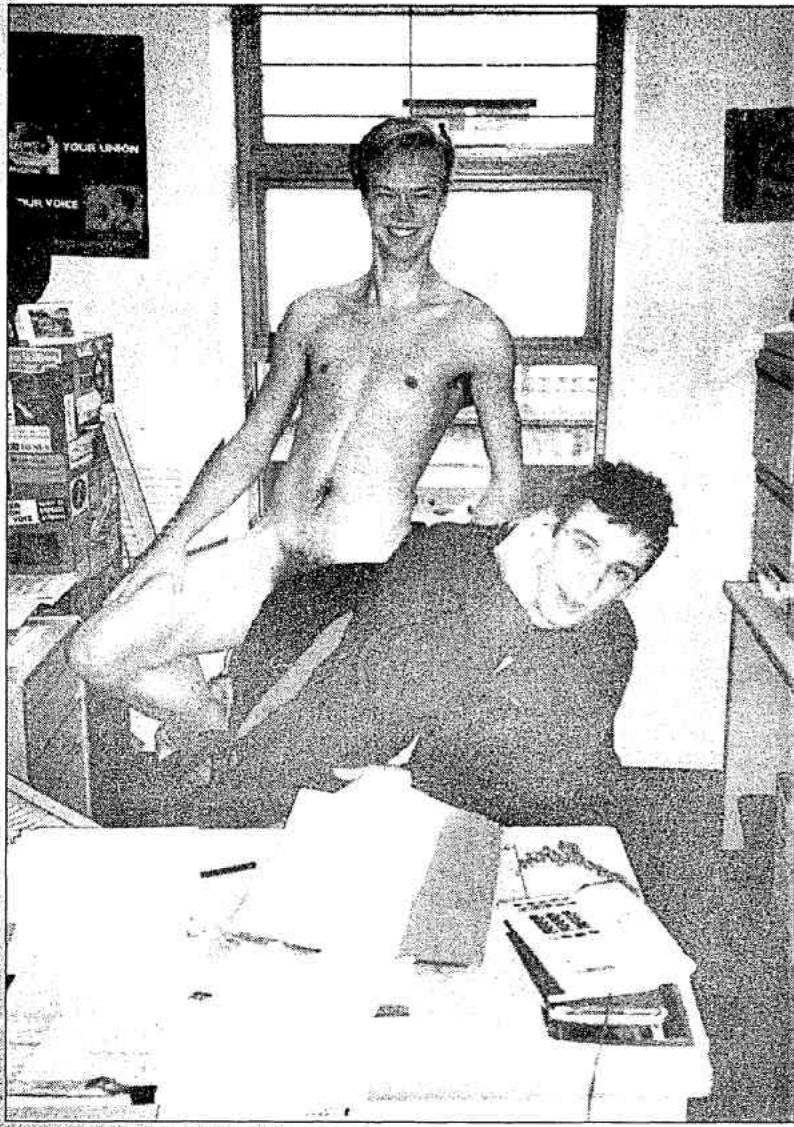
Womyn Rule! The ANU Women's Department reports.

Women in Education Week is just around the corner. Starting on Sunday the 24th with a circus workshop at the Northside Community Centre in Dickson. Followed by a well deserved pig-out down Woolley street. The career's centre will also run a workshop on Monday the 25th regarding women in the workforce. To register for either of these events rock up to the stalls in the refec, Monday-Friday 12-2pm weeks 4& 5. Places are limited with 20 available for the career workshop and only 15 for the circus.

Also at the stall are tickets for the annual trivia night. Thursday 28th at 7pm in Karmel room 3. Tickets are \$15 With all profits being donated to the Domestic Violence Crisis Service. The Night includes dinner and a bar tab. Toy boxes will be placed inside the venue for those who wish to leave donations of toys and the answers can be brought, yes that's right brought, for \$1 a point.

Other events include a morning tea, film night, Bar-B-Q, gym tours and a hot chocolate/champagne breakfast as well as others. Everyone will be able to find something to suit them so pick up a program and have a look. For more info on Women in Education Week or any other women related matters contact the women's department sa.womens@anu.edu.au or phone 612 59868.

hello SAilors



Dear all,

Hope life is treating you well and you're now settled into the new Semester. As per usual there is lots going on in your Students' Association so let's run through some of the recent news:

Bush Week

Thank you to all of you that helped make Bush Week a success again this year; from roasting pigs to spa baths in Union Court to the infamous Scavenger hunt and coffee crawl, we had lots of students involved in this year's activities, which was terrific. Friday night's gig at the Uni Bar featuring Groove Terminator was extra special fun - special thanks must go to Sarz Bunny as Social Officer, Tim and Nat as Bush Week directors along with Davos and other good kids that gave a helping hand - thanks for all your efforts!

Elections

Nominations have now opened for this year's Students' Association elections. This is your opportunity to get involved in leading the ANU Undergraduate body and working to make life the best it can possible for all those around you. I encourage you all to get involved and am more than willing to field any questions you may have in regard to positions or procedure associated with the elections. Information is available from the Students' Association front Office or check out our...

New website -

<http://sa.anu.edu.au>!!!

The Association's new website is

now up and running. Thanks to Fred, Ross and Adam for working tirelessly on the project - the final result is terrific. Please note that Clubs and Societies are now able to post their events and general information on the site: please contact sa.webmaster@anu.edu.au for more information.

Accommodation

As you will all be aware, ANU students face an increasing challenge to find accommodation that is safe, affordable and (relatively!) comfortable while studying. Because of the current shortage, the University has decided to build a 500 bed accommodation facility to ease the current crisis. With this building set to open at the start of 2005, I am working closely with the administration to ensure it is as student friendly as possible. While we are working to an extremely tight time frame, I welcome your input.

Longer Library opening hours

Don't forget that the Chifley library will be staying open longer this Semester! In order for us to lobby for longer opening hours for other libraries on campus, I urge you all to get a long and take advantage of this service. Opening hours are posted at <http://sa.anu.edu.au/>.

Longer Welfare Officer working hours

Our friendly Welfare Officer will be working more hours this Semester for you to come seek advice on any issues including (but not limited to) Tax Help, Accommodation, Financial

assistance or just general advice on issues that might affect you while at university. Please drop into the Students' Association and discover her office if you don't already know where it is.

International Student Fee increase

There will be some substantial increases to International Students fees as of next year. While this was a relatively complex and drawn out process, your student representatives have worked hard to ensure additional quality enhancement measures will be put in place so that these fee increases are justified. Please contact either myself or ISSANU (issanu@anu.edu.au) if you have any questions or queries regarding this issue.

Work, Study and Family responsibilities policy

As I have mentioned in previous reports, I am working to develop policies with the University regarding the Work, study and family responsibilities of ANU Undergraduates. Considering four out of five students here take part in some form of paid employment, I think it is important we address this issue sooner rather than later; particularly in light of the potential increase in financial pressures placed upon students if the current Higher Education reform package passes through the Senate.

If you have any comments you would like to make about the pressure you are currently under either by way of work, study or

family responsibilities while studying I would love to hear from you. The more evidence of these pressures I can present to the University, the more we have a chance of making change on your behalf.

Representation

Finally, please don't forget that we are here to represent you and, for that reason, if there is any issue that you would like to raise you contact us at any time. The Students' Association has two representatives for each Faculty and fourteen general representatives whose role it is to present your concerns to the Students' Association Executive or sub-department so that appropriate action can be taken on your behalf. Also, don't forget that our very trusty Vice - President Dave can help you with any academic issues that you might be facing.

Anyway, stay well kiddos and keep in touch.

See you soon,

Mocca

Regular Office Hours:

Monday 2pm - 3pm

Wednesday 11am - 12pm

All appointments welcome, after working hours if necessary.

Our Great Leader Mocca, reports on another month of wheeling, dealing, and being accosted by naked men.

Balls and Stalls..

Law Society Ball

Theme: Bond 003
Prices: \$70 for lss members
\$76 for non-members
\$75 for membership and a ticket
17th October
On sale late September in the
foyer of the Law School
More details will be posted on
www.law.anu.edu.au/lss follow the
social links

The Jellybabies 'Heaven and Hell' Costume Ball

Venue: CSIRO Discovery Centre,
Clunies Ross St.
Date: Sat 30th August
Start: 7pm
Finish: 12 midnight
Tickets: \$35
Price includes three-course
meal, dancing and free entry
and a drink at 'Cube Nightclub'
afterwards.
Queer and Queer-friendly people
welcome. All ages allowed.
Vegetarian optoin available on
request.

Tickets will be on sale at the
refectory 12-2pm on Tues 12th,
Fri 15th and Wed 20th.
Also available from the Queer
Space between 11am and
3pm until Fri 22nd. For more
information e-mail 'jellybabies_
committee@yahoo.com'

Eco-Comm Ball

DJ + Jazz + Craziiness, late
September date TBA

Biology Students' Society

Fire & Ice

2003 Biology Ball

Saturday 30th August 7pm
Great Hall at University House
Drinks Dinner Dancing
\$40 members

\$44 stud
\$48 non-students



If you feel like getting into Ball Season or turning up to some other events then this is Woroni's short guide to what is going on.

ANU Meditation Society

Regular collective meditation is held on the first Sunday of each month at 20 McGill St, Evatt at 5-7 pm. The programme includes spiritual singing (kiirtan), dance, and meditation followed by a shared vegetarian meal.

One hour free individual meditation classes are also available for anyone wishing to learn. These are offered on the 1st Sunday of each month and bookings are essential. Instruction is given by full-time yoga teachers (acaryas) who have been trained in India and have spent many years working around the world.

Enquiries and bookings to Jyoti 6258 6632 or email jyoti@dambiec.com

ANU Vegetarian Society

Black Mountain Winter Wander:
Date Sunday 31 August Time 11 am

Meet Caswell Drive car park (the more northerly car park opposite Wangara St, Aranda). If any of the group would like to eat afterwards we can arrange that on the day. RSVP Jyoti by Friday 29 August email jyoti@dambiec.com or ph 6258 6632

Papiermache and Shared Meal

Date Sunday 21 September
Venue - 4 Greenhood Place
Time: Middyay

We will be making some chickens and other creatures for our stalls. This afternoon will be a chance to make some critters and share some hot homemade food.

RSVP Bren by Friday 19 September bren@vegetariansociety.org.au or ph



6249 1221

ANU Muslim Association

"Celebrating and Developing Muslim Woman in Leadership Seminar"
Manning Clarke Theatre Friday Night Aug./Sept. Look for the posters.
All ANU students/staff welcome. Another ANU Muslim Association initiative. Email ANUMA@anu.edu.au for enquiries and to join!!

Debating

Every Thursday 7pm at Manning Clarke.
All welcome. Plenty of social events including Break Night, Finals Night and three tournaments a year to those interested. British Parliamentary style debating, involving four teams of two. Two teams government and two opposition.

NOTHING BETTER

Something For Kate are crap, and geeks in pink with dancing girls are wonderful. Spod, Death Cabs and shitty semi-indie bands get the Woroni once-over.

...And so, in the spirit of self-indulgent music reviews that seems to be permeating this issue (cough cough), I'd like to take this opportunity to say something about Something For Kate and the industry of commercial music reviews. Namely, that SFK can suck my cock... sentiments that I scrawled in wet cement on the way home from a gig so mind-bendingly boring that this reviewer was moved to buy overpriced concert booze despite a powerful alcohol-induced self loathing from the night before. That, and of course, that the music industry is a giant wank factory that gives said band (and Metallica... Metallica, man) 4-star reviews. Ugh.

Having said that, I'd also like to say that Spod is, indeed, God, and can rock my casbah anytime. The man can do no wrong; is a loveable, huggable, big juicy nerd in the best sense of the word, and his dancers made my pants feel too tight. A sentiment that's tempered, I dare say, by the fact that no-one in Canberra knows who the hell Spod is, so here's a photo of the great man in action to fix that situation:



Which, as they say, is neither here nor there. Woroni is short of material this issue, so to fill the pages, here's a review that wasn't picked up by any of the major papers because everyone seems to like shit-boring bands (for some reason), as opposed to cool feedback monsters from Washington that are ugly as sin but write some mean, mean songs:

Carboard / Death Cab For Cutie / Something For Kate
Sydney, Metro / 15-07-2005

The song is... musically... like so many other... melodic soft-rock... acoustic and electric guitar... and pleading lyrics. (Cello rock, if you will, and the sort of thing that if you liked Amelie the second time you saw it, you'd probably like too, despite some pretty hackneyed lyrics... 'oceans in your eye'? puh-lease.

Death Cab For Cutie, on the other hand, are a band on the same indie/emo name-dropping list as Yo La Tengo and Beta Band with the cute, coy girls in horn-rimmed glasses. On CD, their music is very much twilight desserts and abandoned carparks; a Virgin Suicides after dark sort of nostalgic landscape where images of tumbleweeds and linoleum counter-tops spring to mind alongside post-graduation empty school hallways.

Live, however, and in Australia for the first time, they had a much heavier sound which initially came across like a high-school prom band

that thought they were the shit, and with the barely understandable 'why you'd want to live here,' raised the question: why bother seeing bands so heavily reliant on lyrics and mood when you can't make out what they're saying over their guitars, and, for less than half the price, could have caught something like the fantastically brash, think-with-your-cock Riff Random the night before? Obviously a question that needed answering and, with repeated 'tween-song shouts from the audience to 'turn up the fucking vocals, you wankers' getting Ben

Gibbard's (self-described) 'pansy voice' raised to a decipherable volume, was. The answer being... you could understand that they were singing, Death Cab... stood apart from the typical rock/punk/indie act, because... amongst their screeching... and occasionally keyboard-mashingly discordant noise, their near-subliminally melodic... and quirkily orchestrated songs carried sweetly crushed lyrics of lives gone bewilderingly astray, wide eyes and 'what?' at what happened.

Highlights included the excellent 'photobooth' and 'styrofoam plates,' both of which retained their inner



goodness amongst concurrent waves of distortion, and the oddly right-sounding 'we laugh indoors,' which actually seemed to work better with Death Cab's heavier live approach.

It was difficult not to think that Death Cab's startlingly different attitude on stage to that of their albums (characterised often by the silences between distinct notes) was a necessary step in adapting music best heard alone or in comfortably familiar bars and bookstores to the medium-venue show format. Even so, it's unlikely that the band will translate well to still-larger venues given the essentially introverted nature of their music, which can't be disguised totally by walls of noise, distortion and reverb. Hence the 'but, but.' Death Cab were far-and-away the highlight of the night, and more worthy of an audience than either of their co-acts... but, but it's difficult to recommend seeing them as part of an increasingly sizeable audience because of the bastardisation of their songs that seems to be required to pull them off to anything other than

melancholic, bare-shouldered girls curled up with headphones.

Oh, and Something For Kate? Their set was nicely lit and sounded exactly the same as their albums and all their live shows. You either like them or you're bored to tears... material showcased from their new album sounds like more of them same... so if/then, y'know. They move around stage like they've never danced in their lives and are afraid to try, and the subtext-minded among you may want to take that as a metaphor for their music.

Dom Krupinski

Death Cab For Cuties' fantastic albums *You Can Play These Songs With Chords; We Have The Facts and We're Voting Yes; The Photo Album* and the forthcoming *Transatlanticism* are fucking impossible to find in Canberra. Impact says they have *The Photo Album* on order but y'know. For those that are interested, Ben Gibbard is also one half of blip outfit The Postal Service. They, too, are grouse.

Catch Spod live. He has a website (www.spod.com.au - enter the radness!), but it's like the difference between watching porn and fucking.



L e i s u r e

island...

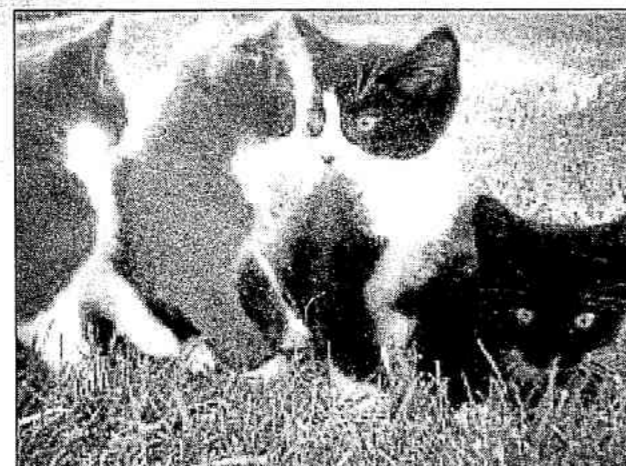
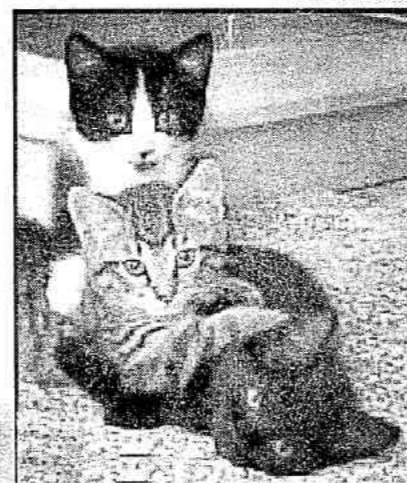
**WORONI WELCOMES YOU TO OUR LAND OF FUN AND RELAXATION.
ON THE COCKTAIL MENU THIS MONTH:**

26: THE FRACTIONAL ISSUE
HORNSEY WIPES THE REVUE OFF HIS FACE AND RIPS INTO THE WORLD

28: EVERYONE'S A CRITIC
OUR ELITE TEAM OF REVIEWERS JUDGE THE FREEBIES THAT WE GOT THIS MONTH

32: CULTISH
REVOLUTIONARY OR PIRATEY, NO ONE IS SAFE FROM A SUBCULTURE

34: SPORTS
WE GET OFF OUR ARSE AND INTO THE FIELD



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THE $\sqrt[3]{343}$ TH ISSUE

August 2003 - Consisting of 2 approximately A3 pages of white paper, and through it, dispersed black ink.



Picture of new newspaper used to relieve boredom but continue running joke



Non-celebrity nominates for governor of US state

Stupid Man Finds Way To Get More Thyme On His Hands; Confuses Homonyms

Michael Jeffries, of the Melbourne suburb of Mentone, yesterday announced he has found a revolutionary new way to achieve what everyone wants nowadays - more time on their hands.

"It was very simple, really," he said. "When I'm baking my famous meatloaf, instead of adding basil and thyme right at the beginning, I wait until half way through when my hands are sticky before adding the thyme, and I find I have a lot more left on my hands."

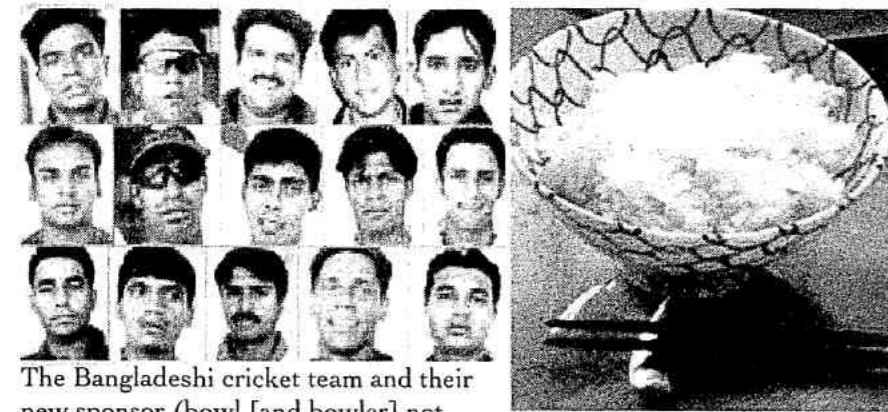
Mr. Jeffries says his next challenge is to get more oregano on his hands, which he was sure was something everyone would want in the near future. A reluctant acquaintance of Mr. Jeffries, James Michaelson, suggested Mr. Jeffries should find a way to get more brain on his spinal cord.

Bangladesh Cricket Team Sign New Sponsor

The Bangladesh cricket team has signed a new sponsor, it was announced yesterday - rice.

The support of rice, which will mean the Bangladeshis will receive 5 precious kilograms of the staple food each day, will mean they will no longer need to concentrate on their crushing hunger pains, and be able to concentrate more on the crushing emotional pains stemming from their inability to play cricket. The sponsorship of rice was badly needed after the charity World Vision refused to sponsor the team, on the basis of their lack of cricketing skill.

In related news, the Bangladeshi team scored a run in their one-day game against Australia in Coober Pedy yesterday, led by their captain and top-scorer Mohammed Ashraf, who scored a duck but had a no-ball bowled to him.



The Bangladeshi cricket team and their new sponsor (bowl [and bowler] not included.)

Further Importunate Plea for Satire Which I Probably Won't Plagiarise

I made an importunate plea for contributions earlier in the year, but got very few, so instead of admitting very few people read these pages, I'm assuming you were confused by my reference to a stairist and my thinly-veiled inference that I'd plagiarise your work. If you can tell me what a stairist is, write some satire, or give me some synonyms for importunate, you can email Woroni at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au (I'm assuming) or me personally at adamhornsey@hotmail.com, or if you want to spend more money, you can ring Woroni on 62487127. Please.

Colin Powell Does Number of Things Relating To Name

Colin Powell, US Secretary of State, realised yesterday that after years of mispronunciation, his name is not pronounced like a form of punctuation but rather like every other name spelt the same way. Soon afterwards, Mr. Powell announced that he was not happy with the new pronunciation and was changing his name to Comma to reflect the US's more flowing, streamlined policies on the problems in the Middle East.



A very pixelated Colin Powell, or whatever his name is.

Crazy Clark Declared Sane

Crazy Clark, founder of Crazy Clark's discount stores, yesterday was declared sane after 3 months of institutionalisation in Melbourne's Brainland Mental Hospital. Mr. Clark joins his friends Crazy Clint, of Clint's Crazy Bargains, Crazy John, of Crazy John's Mobile Phones, and John Martin from the Reject Shop as former loons who have been rehabilitated in recent months.

In light of the breakthrough, Crazy says he planned to rename his stores to Officially Sane Clark's.

The head of Royal Melbourne Hospital's Insane Celebrities Unit, Dr. Lionel Josephson, said there might be some connection between the alliterative nature of people's names, their inclination to run a discount store and their tendency to be insane.



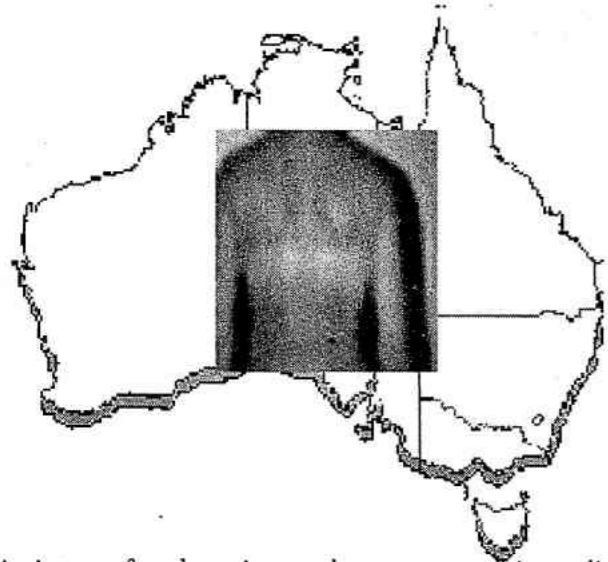
One of Crazy Clark's fellow loons (picture may no longer be accurate representation of mental state.)

SUNBURNT COUNTRY DIAGNOSED WITH SKIN CANCER

The sunburnt country of Australia has been diagnosed with several malignant skin cancers, Dorothea Mackellar announced yesterday. Australia has been criticised in the past for failing to take adequate sun protection, and believing that being sunburnt was in some way romantic.

The cancer has been largely blamed on the sunburnt country being loved by many who were oblivious to the dangers it was sustaining. A much better approach would have been to criticise the sunburnt country for her lack of sun protection, said the Cancer Council's Michelle Mawkin.

Particularly upset about the medical discovery were the weeping plains, but no so drought-stricken farmers, which were provided much needed water by the tears.



A picture of sunburn imposed over a map of Australia to give the impression that Australia has a physical manifestation subject to medical problems such as skin cancer.

Upbeat, Happy Font Out of Place in Depressing Article

The unexpected dying of Jake Gykin of Braddon in a tragic car accident over the weekend didn't have the impact it usually would today, as a happy, upbeat font used in its reporting made readers forget the tragedy of the event that occurred. Margaret Johnson, of Belconnen, who paradoxically read this article and was then quoted in it epitomised the effect of the subliminal font messages.

"I know I should really feel something for Jake and his family," she said, "but this font just makes me want to party. Where can I buy some alcohol?"

INCREDIBLY TO
G N I D A E H DIFFICULT FOLLOW

Web Annoyingly Useful

The Internet is playing a greater role in more and more of our everyday tasks, according to the results of a new study published today. For more information, [click here](#).

Historical Woroni - 1972

Written examinations were only part of the curricula in 1972 - HD's required concerted teeth brushing throughout the semester and proper flossing in STUVAC. Just in case you thought it wasn't important, you'd better not ignore the bottom line.

Catherine Davies Dies; No Proof or Reason to Believe Substance of Article

The death today of Catherine Davies, aged 68, is completely unsubstantiated and devoid of any reason for declaration, with the only evidence to make such a statement being the above headline. Catherine Davies may have been a very prominent figure in Australian politics for many years, but that is just uncertain hearsay, as no one who had heard of Catherine Davies could be located.

In related unsubstantiated news, super intelligent aliens have infiltrated the human race and are controlling our minds, said one source, a rambling homeless man, while the satire section of Woroni is of very high quality, according to another, similarly decrepit, source.

Article Uses Linguistic Pun, Namely Police Force Whistleblower.

In a move which has caused outrage among wide sectors of the Sydney police force, Michael Dibies, an infamous police force whistleblower during the late '90's, have been sacked from the force after 25 years of service. A police officer who worked with Mr. Dibies for 10 years, who didn't want to be named, said the decision to fire him was scandalous and corrupt. Detective Peter Kingdon, however, who worked with Mr. Dibies for 7 years at Campbelltown Police Station, said the decision was justified. He was bloody annoying," Detective Kingdon said, "constantly blowing his whistle around the station for no reason at all. If you walked past him in the corridor, he'd blow his whistle in your face instead of saying hello." Sergeant Marianne Smythe, who also worked at the police station already mentioned, held a similar opinion; "He was even more annoying than those bloody figurative whistle blowers who exposed all the corruption in this station a few years ago," she said. "I think it's good they're all gone."

Fashion Week Proves Pointless Again

Hot on the heels of last year's extravaganza, where new varieties of activewear, casualwear, holidaywear and resortwear were revealed, this year's Milan fashion week has shown a dramatic increase in categorisation of clothes. Giovanni Italiano, director of the Fashion Week, says this year has seen great advances in walking to the bus stop wear, desert wear, dessert wear, 8:22 a.m. wear, 6:44 p.m. wear, movement wear, standing still wear, TV watching wear, insanity wear, fashion week attending wear and cold room wear.

Despite the innovations, the usual criticisms of impracticality are being directed at the designers, something which Mr. Italiano takes exception to; "Who wouldn't like wearing thick bearskin in the desert," he said. "It has a wonderful lustre in the scorching sun."

DENTAL SURVEY REMINDER

The students selected to be examined dentally (i.e., all those who have been advised by letter) are reminded that the days are:

WEDNESDAY 10 MAY
THURSDAY 11 MAY

9 am to 9 pm

Bruce Hall

PLEASE TURN UP

Everybody has their own opinion. Holding it back hurts so bad, but we had the same opinion, because :

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC!

Falling under the Woroni hammer this month:

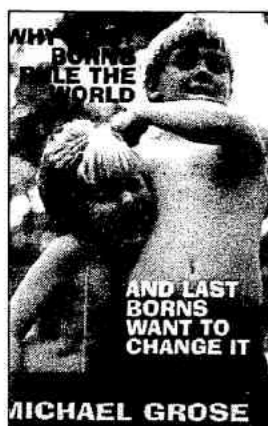
CDs//Jane's Addiction - Strays; Tex Perkins - Sweet Nothing; Alchemist - Austral Alien; Weird Al Yankovic - Poodle Hat



Strays - Jane's Addiction
Thom Mackey

"Jane's" is a name that brings up different connotations for different people. For some it's military encyclopedias, and for others it's children's books and a lot of running. For many music fans, however, it carries only one attachment - rock music at its finest. This latest album from

the long-silent and well-loved team of musicians brilliantly brings forth everything Jane's Addiction are famous for - amazing riffs courtesy of their world-famous guitarist Dave Navarro, strangely appealing vocals from their world-infamous singer and frontman Perry Farrell, and an incredible base from which to perform coming from their drummer and bassist. If you are an old fan then you've probably bought it already, but if you haven't, then you won't be disappointed. Their music still carries all the power and emotion that it used to, and they certainly haven't gotten soft in their old age. Even though most of the band members have families they haven't forgotten how to rock out. This album will get you out of your beanbag and make you jump around. You will have to stop yourself from singing along to many of the tracks, especially ones like *The Riches* and *Wrong Girl*. For new listeners, or if you've heard them before and didn't like them, you'll be happy to hear that Perry's voice has become slightly less screechy - but no less capable of carrying emotion than it used to be. Their music is rockin' without being heavy, strong without being angry. Many people love Jane's for the emotion that comes with it - you listen to a record and you can't help but get happy. As the drummer put it in an interview - "You listen to lots of rock records and afterwards you want to punch someone in the face. You listen to a Jane's record and afterwards you want to go and make love." They lift you up and keep you there, even through the mellow (but not sad) parts which are a trademark of their music. They have achieved every band's dream: Keeping their music fresh while sticking to the same ideals they began with. This record isn't more the same from the band; it's the same but more. Top notch work.



Why First Borns Rule the World and Last Borns Want to Change It
By Michael Grose
Random House Australia, review by Lucy Clynes

It's not often that I feel like trashing a book and, having read *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier, (which, by the way is about to be re-released) I didn't think I'd ever feel the need to say, "That was the worst book I've ever read," again. But then I read *Why Firstborns Rule the World*. This book really is one of the worst books I've ever read. There are two elements to it's resounding crappiness. Firstly, it's based on an unproven, ungrounded theory that every child in every birth-order position will have the same personality traits as her Chinese or Sudanese or Dutch or Spanish or whatever counterpart. Now call me pmo if you want (you big wanker) but isn't everybody different? Secondly, this book is just plain badly written. Not only is it riddled with annoying anecdotal evidence of what his own, perfect, family have experienced on the roller-coaster that is birth order, Grose also attempts to justify his theory for why all third born males are the same with more anecdotal evidence of what was said during one of his seminars. He then goes through and paraphrases large amounts of work done by other people, such as Alfred Adler. I cannot help but ask the question, why would you write a whole book which paraphrases what other people have said in their own books? Grose doesn't critique what the others found or test their theories, he just summarizes them. If this book had been an essay, not even the Sociology Department would have given it a good mark. Worst book ever, just say no.

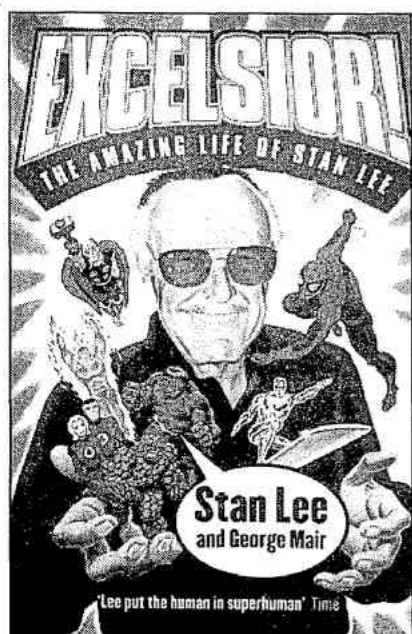
Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind
George Clooney
Fern Beavis



"My name is Charles Hirsch Barris. I have written pop songs, I have been a television producer. I am responsible for polluting airwaves with mind-numbing, puerile entertainment. In addition, I have murdered thirty-three human beings. I am damned to Hell." - Chuck Barris
Chuck Barris created *The Dating Game*, *The Gong Show* and *The Newlyweds*. He wrote pop songs. And he apparently killed 33 human beings in his undercover job as a CIA assassin. George Clooney's directorial debut, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, is a biopic of Chuck Barris based on the "unauthorised biography" of his double life. The concept for this film was outstanding. Take a relatively well-known figure that appears squeaky-clean with a sparkling smile on the outside, then remove basic human morals and watch the person crumble under pressure. Sam Rockwell was outstanding in his role as Chuck Barris, relaying the switching on and off of the mind between killer and prize giver with a great sense of depth. By chopping in real interviews with real people who were associated with Chuck Barris, the reality and breadth of this film was maintained for its duration whilst providing several perspectives on Barris' double life. However, for a film with a quirky concept and quirky style, it lacked drive. The first half was brilliant, using a style similar to films such as *Snatch* and *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, with grainy film textures, a camera not afraid to experiment with close-ups and some kick-ass use of lighting. The second half however, was monotonous and locked into a repetitive narrative of game show host to assassin to game show host to assassin. But perhaps this was, in fact, one of its strengths - the desperation and loneliness and frustration of Barris' life is clearly transferred to the audience. We experience a similar feeling of desperation associated with the monotony of the film. With a sensational cast, concept, cinematography and the ability to step over the so easily confining mark of Hollywood, Clooney has definitely shed his Dr Douglas Ross image, and laid down the foundations of being a damn good director.

Travelling Birds reviewed by Paul Farelly

Booner Friend: And that's why 'Ultimate Disclosure' is like, the best movie I've seen since 'Random Finality'.
Me: Well I saw 'Traveling Birds'. It's pretty cool.
Booner Friend: What's it about?
Me: It's just footage of birds flying around.
Booner Friend: That sounds stupid. I see birds everyday. Why would you pay to watch that you big square!
Maybe my booner friend has a point. We see birds (and lots of other neat things) everyday but don't give them a second thought. So why watch *Traveling Birds*? There's no story, no special effects, no rap metal soundtrack and no Tommy Lee Jones. And this is precisely the film's attraction. All you do is watch a whole bunch of birds flying over some pretty amazing landscapes (nothing Australian though). Every so often the narrator says something like "Ze Arctic goose flyz tree taosand miles tu Africah every year". Indeed! In filming the birds flying through some messy man-made situations, the filmmakers are able to make some emotively unpretentious statements about the state of the environment. The guy behind me deemed to be nearly moved to tears by one scene. The ad for *Traveling Birds* says 'fill your life with wonder'. It would be optimistic to think one film could do this, but it might make you think twice next time you see a group (flock, gaggle, murder, whatever!) of birds flying overhead in the arrow formation. Go and see it with your booner friend.



Excelsior! The Amazing Life of Stan Lee - Stan Lee & George Mair
Thom Mackey

Excelsior! Is an interesting volume in many ways. The reason I asked to review this particular book was, of course, its subject matter: Stan the Man. If you don't know who Stan Lee is, then you obviously haven't seen any major movie blockbusters in the past 12 months - he's the imagination behind many of the world's most popular comic books. Spiderman, The Uncanny X-Men, The Incredible Hulk and the Fantastic Four are all among The Man's creations, each carrying an incredible fan base and an almost religious devotion to the continuation of the lives of these wondrous superheroes. While I was never really a comic geek per se, I was (am?) certainly a

geek of some kind and as such have something of an iconic respect for this man who is responsible for more wedgies and nerd-teasing than almost any other person on the planet. This book is written in an interesting style - he calls it a bio-autography - with Stan himself making up the bulk of the text but with George Mair (a well-known biographer) filling in some gaps and introducing topics for Stan to embellish on. This style does provide an interesting viewpoint but can sometimes make for somewhat staggered reading. Stan's writing is very casual, written in a very chatty fashion; I can't say I liked it all that much, but it could make the book all the more appealing to some. The things he talks about, however, are naturally what makes the book and in this respect it met every expectation I had. Detailed explanations of the inspiration behind the creation of his superheroes, a deeper understanding of what went on while trying to get these "radical" new ideas out into the public, struggling with publishers and rival comic book houses. While I'm not really all that interested in The Man's personal history it does give a thorough account of that as well. Even if you're not really into comics, Excelsior! Is a good inspirational tale of a boy going against trends and making himself famous. While the style didn't really appeal to me, Stan does have some interesting stories to tell, especially (but not only) about the birth of our favourites like Spidey and the X-men. Probably of special interest to comic fans, and not a bad book for anyone else.

Tex Perkins - Sweet Nothing
Sam Lonard

Tex Perkins is well known in music circles for his work with The Cruel Sea. His solo albums, however, have managed to slip under the radar somewhat, with little attention been given to his growing catalogue. Sweet Nothing, his third solo outing, and his first album with his backing band Dark Horses, which formed whilst touring his second album of the same name. For almost a decade now, Tex has been slowly perfecting his formula of smooth, cruisey ballads, and on Sweet Nothing, he chooses not to stray too far from this blueprint. Although lacking the number of standout songs that Dark Horses had, Sweet Nothing instead aims to gel together more as an album, rather than rely on the catchiness of a few songs, and it succeeds. From opener, A Hair of the God, through to the dying chords of Everything or Nothing, the album flows beautifully, and the peaceful mood that Tex creates moves from song to song. *Midnight Sunshine* and *Hang on to My Love*, sees Tex nearing his peak, but surprisingly it's the instrumentals on the album, like *Great Apes*, that see him reach it. As always, Tex's gravelly voice blends well with the music, and although the lyrics are nothing revolutionary, they do lend an air of truth to the songs, which is a refreshing touch. This album will take a fair few listens to get into, but you'll soon realize that it was well worth it. Sweet Nothing provides the perfect backdrop for a rainy day.



John Butler Trio
 Canberra Theatre August 7th
 Review by Paul Farrelly

John Butler has become a big name in Australian live music. These days he draws a diverse crowd, many of whom would have little idea that he slogged it out for years on the folk circuit before FM radio showed any interest in helping his career take off. These years of performing come out when the Trio take to the stage. Butler handles his twelve-string with aplomb. Delicate finger picking leads into gentle strumming. A gnarly solo flows out of a wave of early 90s grunge distortion and the punters lap it all up. With a funky drummer and some tight bass playing, the John Butler Trio kept a dopey smile on the crowd for about two and a half hours. None the less, I found my attention span being tested by some of the longer and more directionless jams and thought that despite their high level of musicianship, the guitar, bass, drums format limited the potential of the Trio's jam-based sound. And the venue was very unrock. I was actually missing having people squeeze past me, spilling beer on my shoes as they grunt 'scuse us mate'. The Canberra Theatre's intimacy was to Butler's liking though. He felt uncomfortable enough to share with us his great joy at the birth of his daughter, and a couple of well-meaning but unintentionally comical remarks about social issues - (after sipping some bottled water) "Whoa, ten years ago who would have thought today we would have to pay...for clean drinking water?" I don't know John, a mining company perhaps? As I left, my mate, a fervent critic of John Butler (no, I don't know why he was there) was sufficiently impressed by the catchy songs and good vibes to declare himself a convert who will be there next time round. Which, if consistent with the trajectory of the John Butler Trio to date, will surely be a quality show.

Everybody else is a critic so why aren't you?

Have you seen, read, eaten or heard something interesting recently? Do you have less than 250 consecutive words to say about it? Then email us at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

Do you like free books? Then why not become a book reviewer for Woroni? Just email Lucy at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au Remember: no review, no keepie the book!



Criticisms

Do you use 'e'?

The Party Drugs Initiative is a nationwide research project that looks at trends in the current party drug scene.

We're looking for regular ACT ecstasy users to participate in this study.

Participation involves a one-on-one 30-40 minute interview.

If you would like to be involved in this study, please contact Phoebe via email (Phoebe.Proudfoot@anu.edu.au) or phone (6125 0196).

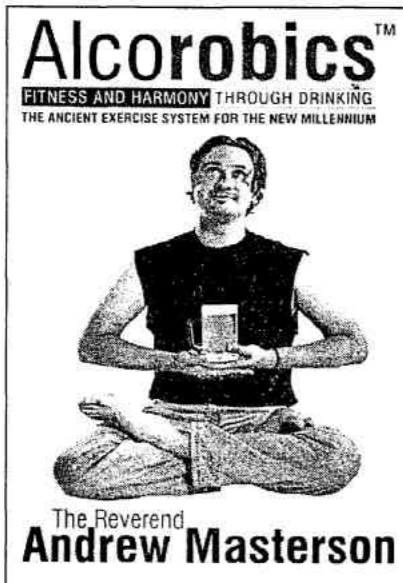
If you are eligible for the study you'll be paid \$30 for your time.



Partly It's About Love, Partly It's About Massacre
Written by Fiona Sprott
Review by Lucy Clynes

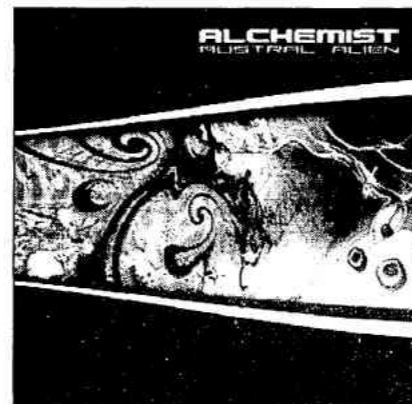
Partly It's About Love is a play about the ability people in love have to hurt each other and the self-destructive elements of a relationship. The play follows the progression of Jezebel (played by Jacqueline Linke) through a relationship. The audience becomes drawn into the mourning process Jezebel as she faces loss of her individuality and personal freedom and attempts to adjust from single life to the needs of another. This ends in her stabbing him. Jacqueline Linke gives an excellent performance in fairly difficult circumstances. She spends over an hour on stage, by herself with no intermission. She manages to convincingly laugh, scream and cry at various stages. She also has an incredible knack for making the audience extremely uncomfortable. She unflinchingly divulges the details of her sex life, but the cleverest part is that it is her emotional experiences that make the audience cringe the most. The plot manages to tap into common but private experiences that usually remain undisclosed, shining light on our darkest and most hidden thoughts. There is an element of comedy to the whole play, though I don't know if it was funny or if the audience was just laughing because they were nervous. *Partly It's About Love* is cleverly written and beautifully acted however watching it is like being stuck in a pressure cooker for eighty minutes. Currently it is doing the rounds at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival.

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Alcorobics™
by The Reverend Andrew Masterton
Random House Australia \$15.95
Review by Lucy Clynes

Like practical jokes and joke birthday presents, joke books have a tendency to fall spectacularly flat. Masterton's book, *Alcorobics* may just be the exception to the rule. While it probably doesn't have any shelf life and will appear on the two dollar table outside your local newsagency, as far as joke books go, this one is a winner. The Reverend Masterton takes the modern drinker through the Alcorobics Ultra Diet, which includes when one should drink chardonnay to combat peripheral artery disease and whisky to strengthen bone-density. There is also a chapter on Low Impact Alcorobics which is essentially occupational health and safety for drinkers, including how to maximise finger strength from the cigarette vending machine and a trouble-shooting section for when you drink and spill the liquid down the front of your shirt. So the book progresses in this moderately amusing fashion until page 163 when the Reverend Masterton crosses the line between hilarious boyish antics and sheer bastardry. This is the section on Alcorobics for Depressed Mothers when he describes women who have just given birth as "...an unsightly mass of flab, stretch marks and varicose veins." I have worked in maternity wards and I can say two things with some certainty, firstly this just is not true and even in jest, this kind of labelling contributes to the low self-esteem that post-natal depression sufferers have. Secondly, even if they did look like that, grow up. They've just given birth, they deserve a medal not a slandering. So, this might be a good book to give your brother for his eighteenth. It's funny but lacks any real substance and in some parts is just outright offensive and immature.



Alchemist - Austral Alien
Adrian Kolbugen
So far each Alchemist release has expanded the band's sonic palette, delving into the deepest depths of musical exploration, with the results being fantastic listening for those lucky enough to have heard them. Each successive album has stretched the bands capabilities further than the last, with this incredible growth leading to classic albums such as "Spiritech" and "Organasm". Their latest release, "Austral Alien", represents a deviation from Alchemist's formula up to this point, one which sees the band taking a more direct, straightforward approach to song-writing. No reason for concern, however, as Adam and co. have delivered another fine album, with the new style bringing their song-writing into sharper focus than in the past. Songs such as 'First Contact', 'Alpha Capella Nova Vega', and 'Solarburn' benefit from the focused approach, being some of the bands strongest songs ever. Possibly, the most remarkable thing about this album is just how well the bands signature sound has been retained. The experimental, unique flavour of the bands earlier work is firmly in place here, and the band cleverly avoids any ruts they may have been in danger of falling into. Those of you who are already aware of Alchemist will treasure this album as you did the bands earlier work, and it will prove to any newcomers why they are Australia's finest metal band.



Whale Rider
Niki Caro
Amber Beavis

Coming of age stories are, at best, formulaic and, at worst, self-indulgent drivel which shamelessly harnesses the full gamut of human emotions for the express purpose of making a quick buck. When I think of all the coming of age stories I have watched on screen or read off the page the image of impulsive and brattish middle-class adolescents whose main complaint is "nobody understands the real me" comes to mind. I detest this bile. When I walked into the cinema to see *Whale Rider* I must admit that I was expecting to have to really vent my spleen in this review - but I was mistaken. Very, very mistaken. *Whale Rider* achieves what few works - on the page or screen - accomplish, that is, it manages to be beautifully sensitive without descending into a morass of tripe. Rather, it is a funny, moving, powerful story of an amazing little girl who makes me feel like I'm the adolescent in this equation.

Whale Rider is the story of Pai (Keisha Castle-Hughes). She is the heir apparent to her Maori tribe, however, her birth resulted in the death of her mother, her twin brother and, subsequently, her father's rejection of his birthright. She is left in the care of her grandparents where her female status stands between her and her place as the leader of her clan. Now this sounds like a cliché, I know, but this film has to be seen to be appreciated. As Pai struggles to earn the recognition and respect of her grandfather we see the development of this strong child into a leader. The strength of this film is the character of Pai - it is difficult indeed to believe that Castle-Hughes has no previous acting experience as her skill in the portrayal of the character rivals that of far more experienced actors. Especially wonderful are the supporting roles of Pai's pot-smoking aunt and uncle who are her confidants and supporters throughout her attempts to prove herself.

Beautiful.

THE SHIT HEAP

Welcome to the Hotel de Shit. Have you read/seen/heard/experienced something that was so shit that the campus deserves to be warned about it? Reviews are welcome on anything from bad songs to bad driving.

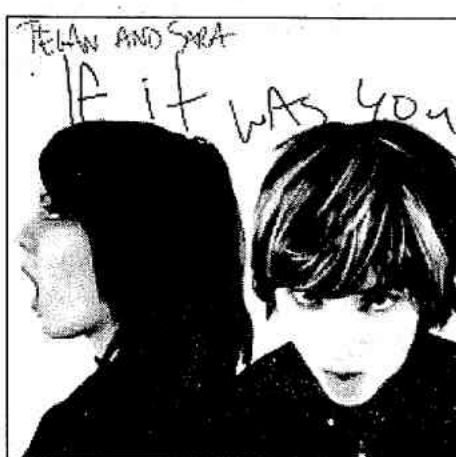
This is where bad product and good publicity go to die.

woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au



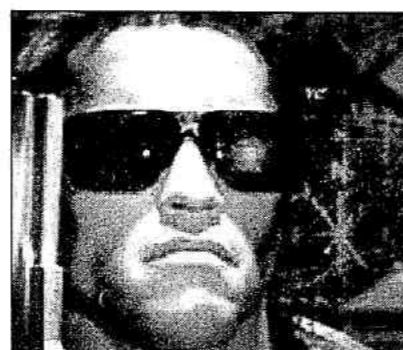
Poodle Hat - Weird Al Yankovic
Simon Stanistreet

Love him or hate him Weird Al Yankovic has been around for far too long for you to just write him off as some half assed no talent rip-off artist. However it is easy to miss the genius which has allowed him to keep selling records when it is disguised under so many lame pickup lines and leper jokes. Don't get me wrong, much of his stuff is quality weirdness and what isn't certainly makes an interesting social commentary but there is too much that is just crass for me to like him. This is not because I don't appreciate the humour or his musical talent as neither his irony nor his lyrical gymnastics are lost on me, it is just as far as music goes his position as a kick in the teeth of boring anyone-can-do-it-pop has been somewhat lost in his slow and unfortunate turn to mainstream music. The only new things revealed in this album are the senseless sodomy visited upon more classics and a few grossly longwinded but imaginatively worded assaults on some of the more offensive pop anthems of this minute. That said his lyrics need to be heard to be believed and some of his songs are genuinely funny, but being music focused, this album could never offer anything to someone who is physically sick listening to Britney Spears (to be separated from looking at her which is an entirely different sensation). So if you would like to giggle in Eminem's face and not be publicly ostracised for it or if you have always wondered what bob Dylan's lyrics mean then this is a worthwhile album, however if you were after an interesting satire of current pop and more star wars esq. bastardisations of classics then you will be bitterly disappointed; NOT ONE STAR WARS REFERENCE!!!!



Tegan and Sara - If It Was You
Adam Brodie-Mckenzie

No, they're not lesbians...but maybe they should be. These Canadian sisters are going down a similar route that is chick rock. And is there a better time for it? As Avril Lavigne made pre-pubescent teens love "punk", so Tegan and Sara appear to be doing the same. The question is, is it authentic or just a record company's marketing ploy? It is bragged that Tegan and Sara wrote all their music. This has to be a step up from their fellow patriot, Avril. However, they do walk in similar steps to that of another lady of the land of the moose, Alanis Morissette. It is not ironic that the vocals are an almost spitting image of this Canadian pop rock queen. Despite this, it is not so much that the music is bad, if you like chick rock music tuned perfectly for an American teenage movie, as it is that it is nothing new. Their lyrics are shallow love songs with poor rhymes that make a feeble attempt at being meaningful. It is not my can of worms, but, as I said, if you dig that kind of mindless music then you will probably like it. Triple J certainly has endorsed them, quite hypocritically as they cannot stand the pop punk of Lavigne. Perhaps, this is harsh as I am judging them more by what they represent than their individual tunes. Nevertheless can you really trust any band that can be heard blaring from Sportsgirl in Belconnen?



Terminator 3: Rise of The Machines
Jonathan Mostow
Wayne Suen

On the verge of Judgment Day, the most highly powered Terminator, the T-X arrives from the future to ensure the rise of the machines. John Connor, now an adult, lives in fear having to erase all his connections to the past by working as an anonymous labourer with no address, no phone; completely off the grid so no one and nothing can find him. The arrival of the T-X, quickly sees John Connor being tracked down, with his only hope against survival being the upgraded T-800 unit that is sent back by the human resistance. John Connor, his future wife Kate Brewster, and the Terminator himself must stop the rise of the machines, or see the fall of humanity with the fateful arrival of Judgment Day.

The Terminator films have now spanned over a period of 19 years, with each film being leaders in the advancement of film technology through the creation of outstanding and confronting special effects and a myriad of stunts. However, Terminator 3 lacked the inventiveness and originality as seen in the previous two films. The problem with sequels to big hits is that expectations are always highly demanding from the audience. In the case of Terminator 2, the standards expected by the audience were surpassed; in Terminator 3, perhaps standards were set too high, and so a proportion of the audience got that let down feeling not only through the fact that the special effects were not as imaginative nor as slick, but also through the recycling of jokes from the previous films. Classic quotes, and characteristic expressions made famous by the first two movies were overused thus became clichéd and lacklustre, and the special effects were not as shocking nor as impressive as expected. The fact that James Cameron played no part in the making or direction of this film probably had a great deal to do with this somewhat disappointing continuation of an otherwise outstanding trilogy of films.

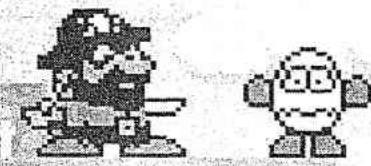
I expected a film that would blow me away, which to an extent it did, but you can always tell a concept is going sour when it has to link itself to previous hits to grab attention. A film, regardless of whether it is part of an instalment should be a piece of work within itself, with enough subtle threads running from its predecessors to create an impressive sense of continuity. Terminator 3: Rise of The Machines ended with potential for a fourth film, fingers crossed it breaks the barriers of technology and shock value that we were bombarded with in the second, and that were so unfortunately overlooked in the third. Not so much shit... but damn disappointing.

Happy are those who have not seen and yet believe



Yes, folks, that is "spew on a pane of glass". We hardly believed it ourselves. The chunky bits, the liquid dribbling from the smooth surface - there's no mistaking it! This image is, perhaps, the most appropriate image to ever grace the pages of the Shit Heap. It sums up the whole purpose of life. Drink goon, feel sick and throw it up somewhere so that your mates can lick it! We didn't review it but according to one guy it was "bitter without being tangy...there was a hint of tabasco and small chunks of Fredo Frogs". Regardless, this photo will ensure that your shiticism will go down in history. Encore!

Shiticisms



Arrr!

Thom Mackey mourns the loss of Pirates to the world.

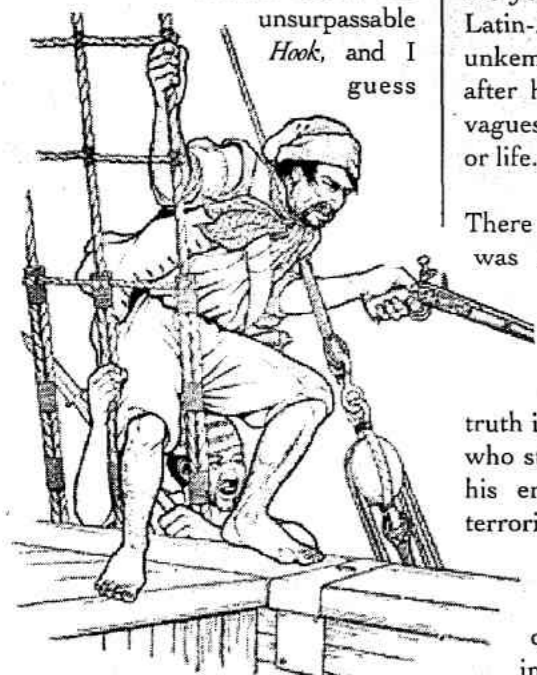
I know we all liked pirates as kids. How many Pirate parties did you go to? How often did you think you wanted to be a Pirate when you grew up? Sailing the caribbean, plundering, swilling rum, making people walk the plank & swab the decks (the filthy landlubbers). What a wonderful life. Pirates appeal to people because of their free spirits and lack of rules. Pirates go where they want, when they want, to do what they want. Pirates are a symbol for all that is independent and individual, living the life of a charming vagabond, stealing and getting away with it, eloping with governor's daughters (or just being them), commanding a crew of misfits and outcasts. All of these are the dreams of children worldwide, living without rules, relying only on yourself and your trusty crew, bound by no limits.

And then Disney got a hold of it.

With the upcoming release of *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* and the now-a-few-months-old *Treasure Planet*, Pirates have finally, officially, sold out. Disney and other globalised mass-production markets have finally realised the full commercial potential of Pirates, feeding from the love of children from all over the globe. Rest assured that no chance will be spared to rob this once-noble profession of all its former glory. It will be turned into something to be exploited and cashed in on.

This has been a process long in the coming, with pirates appearing in other commercial ventures for some time. Long before the *Curse of the Black Pearl* there were many other hollywood attempts: Geena Davis' failed venture

Cutthroat Island, the unsurpassable *Hook*, and I guess



one could call *The Princess Bride* a kind of Pirate theme, to name but a few. Also, perhaps less notably, Pirates have been a running theme in computer games since their inception, with several pirate-related titles on the decidedly oldskool Commodore 64 and more recent efforts such as Lucasarts' *Monkey Island* series and *Skies of Arcadia*.

But this is not a recount of Pirating's CV, nor is it a celebration of my geeky computer heritage - this is an obituary to the independent days of Pirating, a farewell to those halcyon days when pirates were a symbol for all that was free and individual. Those days are now numbered. So, to all of you I would like to propose something of an ode to Pirating, that I have (re)constructed from a half-remembered ditty that my friend Jane sings:

Arr! Arr! Arr!
 Arr when you're happy!
 Arr when you're sad!
 Arr when you're good!
 Arr when you're bad!
 Arr is what makes the world go round
 So if you're ever feeling down
 All you have to do is...
 AARRRRRR!

R.I.P. Pirates. May your ships ne'er be scuttled and your timbers ne'er be shivered.

Arr.
 Woroni will be giving out complimentary black eyepatches of mourning commencing from the release of *the Curse of the Black Pearl*.

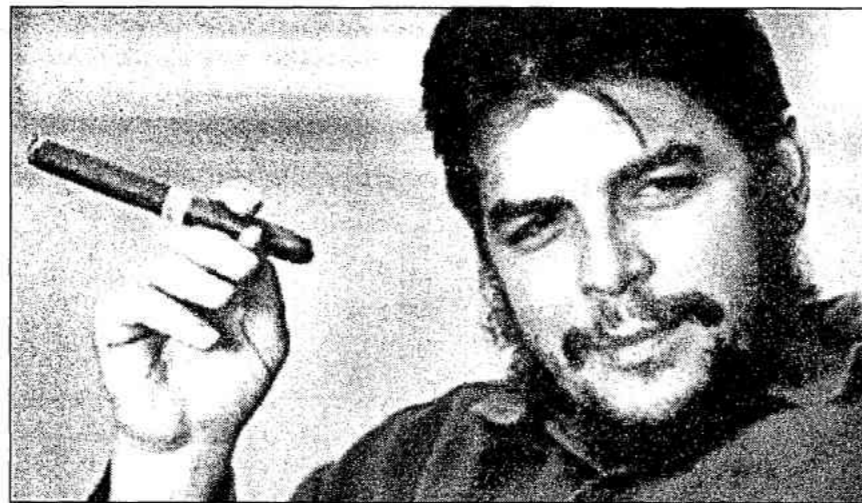
Che Guevara

Myth, Icon, Murder:
 The Che Guevara Story
 - by Chris Prunty

Che Guevara's name has become ubiquitous, and his image, through the sale of T-shirts and other revolutionary chic, has made many capitalists richer than they otherwise might have been. The apotheosis of his image has been accompanied by a parallel disappearance of the real man, suppressed by myth. Most of the young hippies who glorify the Latin-American, beret-wearing, unkempt, guerrilla were born long after his death and have only the vaguest understanding of his beliefs or life.

There is a notion that Guevara was an idealistic hero and a 'freedom fighter', however, this misguided impression could not be further from reality. The unpalatable truth is that Guevara was a fanatic who stopped at nothing to achieve his ends; including murder and terrorism.

Che Guevara was a killer. After Castro's overthrow of President Batista in Cuba in 1959 Guevara released



his anger upon collaborators in the Batista regime in the form of quick show trials and swift punishment by means of execution. Over the coming years, the new regime executed thousands of others without even a mock trial. Guevara explained his actions by claiming judicial evidence was an "unnecessary bourgeois detail" and that "revolutionaries must become cold-killing machines motivated by pure hate." By his own count, Guevara sent two-thousand five-hundred men to 'the wall'.

Killings against supporters of the Batista regime were extended in 1960 to those in the working class movement critical of Castro. This was followed in 1962 with the banning and imprisonment of Trotskyists. Guevara said: "You cannot be for the revolution and be against the Cuban Communist Party." Guevara also helped set up Cuba's secret police (the C-2) and other sinister bodies for spying on and controlling the mass of the population known as 'Committees for the Defence of the Revolution.'

It is known that Guevara signed orders to execute prisoners in Cuban jails without a fair trial, but it is also clear that Guevara was directly involved in the murder of those who opposed him.

In the three years of guerrilla fighting before Bastia's removal, Guevara had proved to be the most authoritarian and brutal of the guerrilla leaders. He personally carried out a number of executions, the first of which was against an informer. Guevara

noted, "I ended the problem, giving him a shot with a .32 pistol in the right side of the brain."

Despite making TIME Magazine's '100 Most Important People' (Hitler and Ho Chi

Minh also made it) even American Democrats realise that Guevara was evil, and according to Jimmy Carter's Vice President Walter Mondale; "Che Guevara was a contemptible figure in civilization's history."

Guevara's uncompromising demand for confrontation to the death would have meant that many of the major revolutions of the past quarter-century (South Africa, Iran and the Philippines) and the (relatively) peaceful transitions to democracy in East Asia and the communist world would never have happened.

Sure, Che Guevara was a freedom fighter. He fought and gave his life so that millions of Cubans would lose theirs. They lost the freedom of religion, freedom of elections, freedom of the presses, freedom of expression, freedom of reunion, freedom of assembly, freedom of travel, freedom from tyranny and the freedom of thought.

Fortunately, the vast majority of people who wear Che T-shirts and consume the products his image endorses have turned away from everything he believed in. The real lesson we can learn from Guevara is that societies forged by insurrection and the elimination of personal and economic liberties are doomed. Guevara may look like the archetypal romantic revolutionary, but in reality his attitudes and actions reveal him to be no friend of working people. Guevara wanted to establish a bureaucratic authoritarian state with contempt for the masses economic and social freedom.



Chris Prunty does not own a Che T-shirt but has several Tintin shirts which he will continue to wear until he finds out anything dastardly about him.

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DIVISION OF INFORMATION



95/03



There is no doubt that the Tour de France is a fabulous sporting event. Man and machine rolling through the French countryside, testing the physical and mental limits of humankind. But there is so much more that could be done. In these modern times ethical boundaries need to be tested as well. In this country we have the leader of the Liberal party who constantly profits from dishonesty, sending a clear message to the rest of us that you are only in the wrong if you get caught doing wrong. Given the scope of the Tour de France, there should be plenty of opportunity to test this theory. I'm not talking about a quick pre-race trip to the Pfizer factory and volunteering as a test subject for their new growth hormones, but something more traditional and old fashioned.

Dirty tricks

The Tour has some strange rules and customs. One is that if there is a big crash within the last kilometre everyone gets credited with the same time. So if your team isn't doing so well, choose a volunteer to make the sacrifice. All he has to do is go sideways into a bunch of other riders and everyone catches up. To avoid serious injury he should try crashing into the fattest rider he can see, to give him a soft landing. Launching an early breakaway is also a good strategy. Going solo is even better. The trick is to get about 5 minutes in front of the peloton. Then, when no one is looking, pull the "Dick Dastardly". At a big intersection, quickly change all the road signs to point the wrong way. Then head off in the correct direction while every one else takes a wrong turn and ends up in the English Channel. Completely fool proof. Of course if this fails try a little teamwork. The team chooses a rider that they want to win. Position two other team members along side him. When the race starts the other riders give the potential winner a tow by holding onto his bike. Continue this until there is about 10 km to go. The completely rested rider then makes his run to the finish leaving the other riders eating

If you ain't cheating, you ain't trying!

Woroni Sports Reporters the Press Gang discuss some new ways of doing old tricks, and go on-pitch with the Cricket Club.

his dust. Finally, if none of these works there is always the "James Bond" method. Again the trick is to get out in front. Then discreetly drop oil or thumb tacks onto the road behind you. The result will get more laughs than a room full of Frenchmen at a Jerry Lewis movie.

New rules for the new millennium

Competitive sport is a fairly recent development, a product of modernism. Previously, physical activity mainly revolved around catching your next meal, or taking on someone else who had managed to catch your next meal. But society changes, and so should sport. Indeed some sports do. Rugby League is forever changing its rules, but mainly as a result of a referee fuck up, which the NRL pretends was a deliberate interpretation of an new rule they had forgotten to mention. What I propose instead is a significant rule change that alters how the game is played.

Soccer: Probably the sport most resistant to change. But here is a solution for extra time matches. Once the game goes into extra time full body contact is allowed. Stiff arms, head highs, karate kicks, anything goes. Of course this how the South Americans already play, but lets just see the rest of the world try and cope.

American Football: Outlaw helmets and padding. Players have to play like every other football code in the world does. Lets see how tough they look then. And what's the worst that can happen? Less steroid enhanced monsters roaming the planet. Probably a good thing.

Australian Rules Football: Introduce the knock-on rule. At least it would improve "fumble ball" to something a little more watchable. Of course those who get off on all-male mud wrestling would be disappointed, but if they wanted to see that then they'd be Rugby League supporters. Speaking of...

Rugby League: No tackling above the waist. Return the game the glory days before it was ruined by "ball playing forwards" who wave their arms around before throwing the ball a full 10 seconds after the referee should have called held.

Rugby Union: Outlaw forward passes. No I'm serious. I'm sure there is a rule that says the ball



cannot be thrown forward to another player, but it appears I, and Rugby Union referees, haven't been able to find it.

Basketball: As Basketball is often boring until the final minute lets just cut to the chase. Start both sides with 99 points each, and put 1 minute on the clock. That's all people need to see.

Netball: Play all games on enormous bouncy castles. Not only would it make the results more random, it would cut down on the horrendous number of leg injuries.

Platform Diving: Bring back the "bomb" and the "horsey". Points awarded for the size of the splash. The "Belly Flop" section would also be an improvement. The highest scoring entrant would receive priority treatment at the nearest emergency ward.

Chess: This was seriously suggested to me by a tournament chess player. If you lose you are entitled to punch your opponent in the face. This is similar to a suggestion by Ed McMahon, President of the World Wildlife Fund. He suggested breaking a chair over the other guys head.

So there you have it. Interesting rules for interesting times. Lets see how many catch on.

Our Winter of Cricket

As we struggle through the coldest month of the year in the territory our glorious winter of cricket is really hotting up. The Australians have just completed a riveting test and one day series against the Bangladeshis - the team voted most likely to be demoted. Yeah yeah, it was good for a struggling team to get some valuable match practice in and nice for us to see a part of Australia that isn't freezing its inhabitants' tits off. I

thought the boorish attempts to liven up series by playing reggae music during tea breaks were a bit naff though. Anyway, I digress. Right here at the ANU a bunch of cricket tragics have established a social cricket club that plays right through winter. I popped along to a match on a beautiful winter's day to have a chat with some of the guys.

How often do you guys meet?

George: About once a month.

What kind of rules do you play?

George: Backyard. Tip and run

What's your specialist position?

George: I can't bat for shit, I can't bowl either. I am the Wicket Keeper. It's just something to do on the odd weekend. Because many of us are new to ANU it is a good way to get to know people.

How is the season shaping up?

Michael: Really well, we are increasing in numbers.... You just stood on your stumps again - out! F*#\$! Where is the umpire? Oh yeah we don't have one.

Is this the only social ANU cricket club?

Michael: Yep.

What is your specialist position?

Wicket Keeper.

What's your specialist position?

Sumit: Fast bowler, batsman.

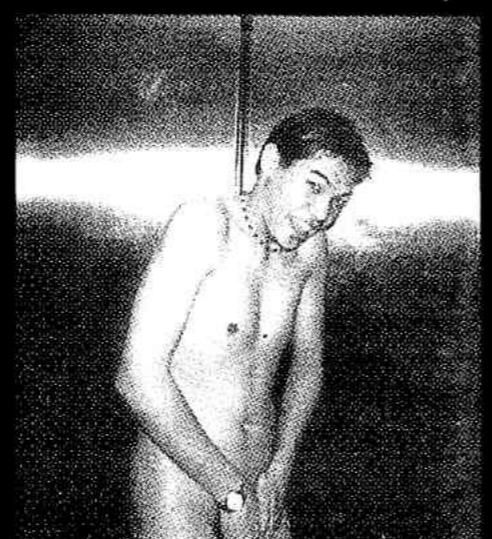
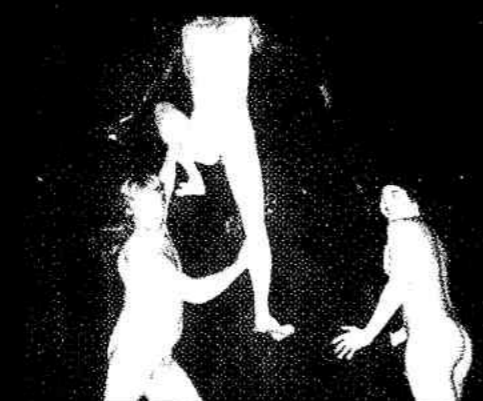
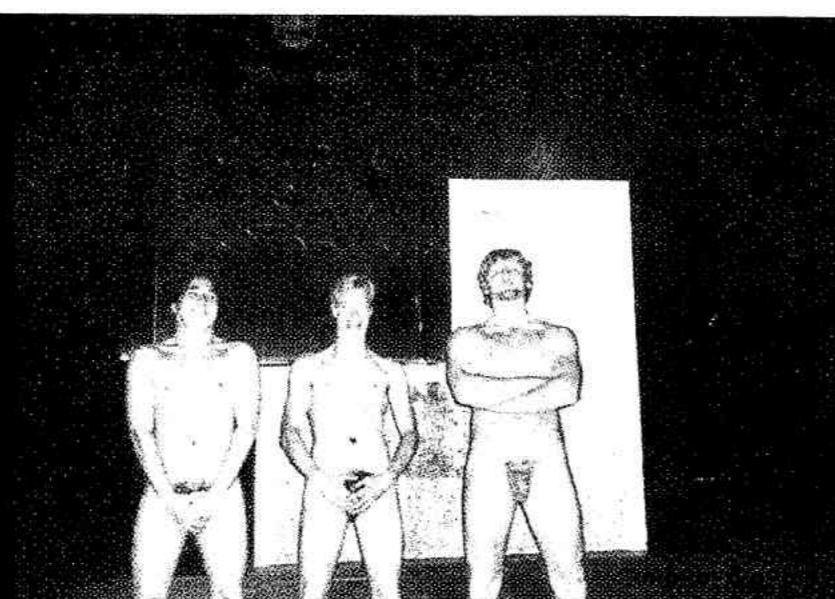
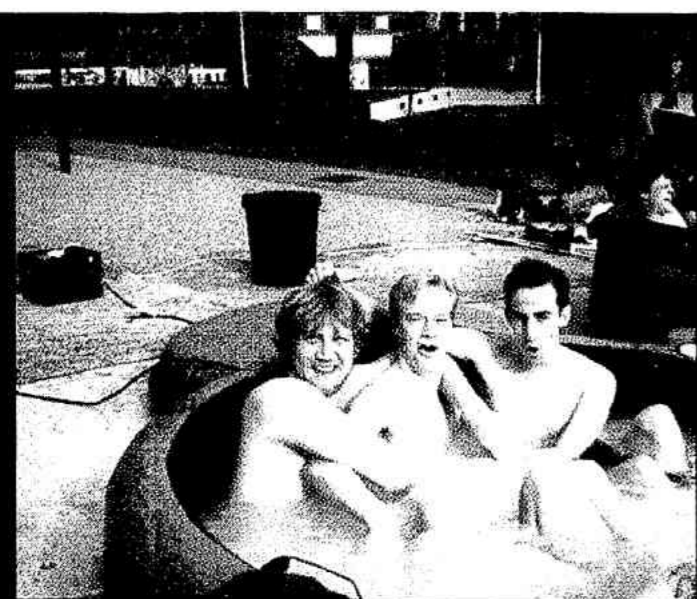
What where you views on the world cup?

Sumit: The final was decided at the toss. India V Pakistan was the best game though.... Was that a wicket? No? Shame on you!

Do you think Hansie Cronje was murdered?

Sumit: Yes.

The club is open to all, so if you simply gotta get your cricket on, contact the president: sumit.lodhia@anu.edu.au for match day information.



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